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MADAME DE BEAUPRÉ

Henrietta Camille Jackson

BY MRS. C. JENKIN,

AUTHOR OF "A PSYCHE OF TO-DAY," "WHO BREAKS PAYS," ETC., ETC.

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Q. What is a French country-town most like?
A. An English one.
—ENGLISH AND FRENCH VOCABULARY.

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MADAME DE BEAUPRÉ.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT LADIES OF MAGNY LE SEC.

"One hundred and fifty" was the nickname bestowed on the three old Mesdemoiselles de Tremerens by Gustave Godard the year he came to Magny le Sec as Substitut du Procureur Impérial. "One hundred and fifty" they are called to this day, when their united ages would better justify the sobriquet of the "Two Hundred." They lived and live in the great stone building, with the great garden on your right hand as you come from Paris. Their father, M. le Comte Adhemar de Tremerens, an *emigré* in his youth, in his mature age a pensioner of Louis XVIII., had never adopted the necessary measures to marry his daughters. On the contrary, he had always taken care it should be known they had no *dot* to expect during his life-time, and without a *dot* marriage remains an unknown bourne to French young ladies. M. le

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Comte watched them withering on their vi
stalks, observing pleasantly, "We are all old ma
in our family. His egotism prospered with h
as egotism is wont to do.

When he married, his two elder daughters, Mad
moiselle Jacqueline and Mademoiselle Solange
were no longer of an age to think of marrying
people were good as to suppose it still possibl
that Mademoiselle Virginie and her cousin migh
yet make a match of it. Every one in Magny
knew that the youngest sister had been attached to
Anatole de Beaupré ever since she was sixteen;
what was not public, was, that he had been also
the object of secret worship of the two elder
Demoiselles de Tremerens.

Early left orphan, this cousin had been
brought up in the family. He had
been the romance of the life of the sisters, the
hero of the day-dreams of these women, who had
never known any of the joys of youth, who had
lived the lives of priestesses to the demon of selfish-
ness, incarnate in the old Comte. Anatole brought
a ray of light, a breath of spring, into that crusty
old house. At twenty he was what is generally
called a fine man—tall, with great staring black
eyes, a profusion of hair to match the color of his
eyes, a big nose, and thick red lips. Round the
low forehead of their cousin, the sisters, one after
the other, would have wreathed a "coronet of fresh
and fragrant flowers," but he soon made them un-
derstand that he preferred "a peck of provender."

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But women cannot bear to displace an idol; they prefer to shut their eyes and stuff their ears, and to continue their adoration. Mademoiselle Jacqueline hid her maiden love under the form of maternal affection, using her age, poor soul, as a shield against conjectures as to another sort of affection. Her radiant hours were those when she had managed, by some cruel self-sacrifice, to fill the flaccid purse of the student in Paris.

Mademoiselle Solanges, nearer Anatole's age, was less disposed to the humility, more inclined to the resentment of slighted love.

Virginie alone had all the advantages of youth; she was as fresh as a rose, and gay as a lark, when she gave her heart to her cousin, who certainly had a shadow of a preference for her.

And here was the strange part of the affair. Jacqueline and Solanges not only concealed their own feelings, but they did all that women inexperienced in maneuvering could do, to bring about a marriage between Virginie and Anatole. To keep him with them, to serve him, to be sure of his presence, would be happiness enough for them. How is it that the inferior nature so constantly governs the superior?

Anatole preferred "a peck of provender" to young affection. He made it as clear as daylight to the Abbé Poulot, confessor to the Demoiselles de Tremerens, that a man would be wicked who should venture to marry in these days on such an income as he and Mademoiselle Virginie could

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alone hope for. Yes, he made a neat calculation on paper, which proved satisfactorily to himself that he had reason and virtue on his side.

Years had gone by since that memorable conversation. The Comte Adhemar was with his ancestors. The sisters were withered old maids, laughed at as the "One hundred and fifty," but the spoiled children of the clergy. They belonged to every *comme il faut* congregation, to all charitable committees. They were indefatigable canvassers for the Bureau de Bienfaisance, for the hospital and asylums. They begged for the repairs of the cathedral organ, for the spire of the convent, for new vestments for the curé of their parish. They fasted, attended all festivals, confessed in private and in common (*en communauté*). Their lives were busy, and would haae been contented, but for Virginie.

Poor Virginie! Anatole had left her a sadder, but not a wiser woman. She had suffered for some years from one of those mysterious feminine maladies which medicine fails to reach. The doctors lay it on the nerves, and try in vain bark and pepsine, etc., etc. After declaring herself for years incapable of walking, one fine day Virginie found her legs, but she had clearly almost lost her head. She set to work to repair the irreparable outrages of time. She dyed her hair, enameled her face, passed her days shut up in her room, devising, or, as she expressed it, *composing* costumes, which she exhibited to the mortification of her sisters, and to the amusement of the town.

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She had the most manifest horror of being thought old, and nothing was so easy as to make her show this dread. In all parties, she always placed herself amongst the youngest, affecting their manners, conversation, and tastes. Added to which, she had acquired a habit of talking aloud to herself on all occasions, alone or in company, revealing her thoughts, sometimes in a ludicrous, sometimes in a dangerous manner, always compromising herself or others.

There was another individual who might be considered an inmate of Tremerens House. He was sure to be found there from four of an afternoon to half-past nine at night. This was the family confessor, L'Abbé Poulot. An inoffensive man, generally of the opinion of the last speaker, *i.e.*, in secular matters; in firmness of dogma, irreproachable. L'Abbé Poulot had replaced for the ladies, in some measure, Anatole de Beaupré. Mad'lle Jacqueline and Mad'lle Solanges found a joy in their solicitude for his creature comforts; his chocolate in winter, his iced sugar-and-water in summer. They took care he should have his whist or trictrac every evening; and he, in return, regaled them with all the religious gossip of the department. They were the first to know when there was a recalcitrant vicaire to punish, or of any disagreement between the préfet and the curé; in short, of all that went on in the sacristry. The Abbé regulated not only the spiritual, but the worldly affairs of the sisters, looked after the

felling of their woods, after their vines, paid their laborers, and saw to the bottling of their wine. They could not have done without the Abbé Poulot, and for him they now made the sacrifices they had once made for Anatole.

And the Abbé was as much attached to the "ladies" as his nature allowed. He would probably have sat in his peculiar seat, evening after evening, even if the chocolate or iced drink, or whist or trictrac had been wanting. The great passion of his nature was satisfied by finding himself, he a born peasant, the equal, nay, treated as a superior, by ladies whose noble ancestors had mated with the De Rohans and the Montmorencys.

At the moment when this story opens, Anatole De Beaupré was about again to inhabit Tremerens House. He was to arrive with his very young bride, for whom the grand suit of rooms of the Rez de Chaussé had been lately arranged.

Fortune had made a pet of Anatole. By a series of unexpected deaths, he had inherited the title and fortune of a distant relative. He had married a noble and well-dowered young lady, and the Minister of State had recommended him to the Préfet of Magny le Sec, as a candidate the Government would be glad to see returned for that town; and the election, much owing to the interest of the Demoiselles de Tremerens with the clergy, had taken place.

The Vicomte de Beaupré was not troubled by one qualm of conscience as to his conduct towards

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felling of their woods, after their vines, paid their laborers, and saw to the bottling of their wine. They could not have done without the Abbé Poulot, and for him they now made the sacrifices they had once made for Anatole.

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Virginie. At the present moment he believed that in offering to rent the lower part of Tremerens House (the most desirable apartment in the town) he was surpassingly generous.

"It will add something to the poor old souls' comfort," he said to the préfet in his most portentous voice.

The once handsome young man had changed as much as the "poor old souls." The abundant black hair had thinned and grizzled, the side locks had to be carefully brushed upwards to cover an incipient baldness. His fine figure had acquired an obesity which made walking or riding inconvenient; he had the look of a man doomed to apoplexy.

And his bride—"A mere chit," said Mademoiselle Virginie, unconsciously aloud, as made her curtsy to the young stranger.

M. de Beaupré stared long at Mademoiselle Virginie; then turning to Jacqueline, tapped his head significantly and carelessly. It was tra for Mademoiselle Jacqueline to see cause and e face to face, and cause so comfortably self-satisf and prosperous.

The town had been electrified by the news tha a vicomtesse—and of the undoubted "vieille roche"—was coming to reside among them. One lady, noted for her superior intelligence, remarked "that society had now found its natural head."

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ciety saw its natural head," i
taken aback. Little Madam
entirely the appearance of a c
htened child. Society thought
be in leading strings than to b
believed M. de Beaupré to b
Such a marriage was downri
the girl's parents, what had th
had no parents. She was
the convent of the Visita
Madame d'Auberiv
great aunt, and married t
it difficult to persuad
into any marriage? Madame
was not that person. She
half-nun Thérèse, that her
suicide; that her mother
mentioned, and that the only
to marry the rich Vicomte
duty, not a pleasure.
disappointment as to
capabilities as a leader,
reaction. Madame Martaud took
the little Vicomtesse.
Martaud was the lady of Magny le
disputed the scepter of supremacy with
Demoiselles de Tremerens. The superiority
birth, Madame Martaud had in money.
Madame Martaud was not wanting in clever-

When
very mu
Beaupré
aul of a
looked fit
Society
man of
madness.
been thin
"Ah!

so
had
frigh
er to
had
nse.
And
king of?
the girl
taken from
orphan, three months ago, by Madame d'Auberi
dines, her tall great aunt, and married t
d'Esbryat,
M. le Vicomte de Beaupré."
Does any one believe it difficult to persuad
a girl of seventeen into any marriage? Madame
la Comtesse d'Esbryat was not that person. She
told the poor little half-nun Thérèse, that her
father had committed suicide; that her mother
was never to be mentioned, and that the only
thing for her to do was to marry the rich Vicomte
de Beaupré. Marriage was a duty, not a pleasure.
After the first general disappointment as to
Madame de Beaupré's capabilities as a leader,
there followed a reaction. Madame Martaud took
to patronizing the little Vicomtesse.
Madame Martaud was the lady of Magny le
Sec who disputed the scepter of supremacy with
the Demoiselles de Tremerens. The superiority
they had in birth, Madame Martaud had in money.
Madame Martaud was not wanting in clever-

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ness. She checkmated any possibility de Rochefort, the Préfet's wife, or the de Tremerens, making her feel she their caste, by speaking of herself as —even a *petite bourgeoise*. "We *geoise*," was her pet phrase.

Madame Martaud was most resp ladies de Tremerens. Her folding for them as they did for Madame la P she had never forgotten the slight t on her at her *première communion*, Oudin she had been chosen as Ma anges' companion. It is the custon girls of the higher classes to choose g orders to be their partners, so to solemn occasion—a public manifesta which covers private pride. Madem and Julia had therefore made their *p nion* together; but afterwards Ma anges had refused even so much doors of Madame Oudin, who was a thriving manufacture of knitted had changed. Julia Oudin, as Ma had entered the *haute volée*. It had unmitigated triumph to her, when t de Tremerens had accepted her invi fast with her without ceremony. never went out to dinner, and rar their presence in the evening, so tha ance of an invitation was an event.

Madame Martaud had begun by a

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ich the sisters had formally

then wrote a letter of four
he warmest terms. "It was
—it would be such an honor
when as children they had
e the altar. There were no
begun in childhood—it would
he wrote from her heart—

Tremerens put forward their
their rule of never eating out
-on which Madame Martaud,
s storm, suddenly appeared in
n.
voman was Madame Martaud,
words remarkable even in
ever, not one half second of
w of reasoning. Perhaps she
er happiness was at stake—
f its depths. Madame Mar-
hoarse, but she gained her
de Tremerens and Mademois-
ed to make an exception for

ls, only of friends," were the
husky petitioner.
elieve me, Monsieur l'Abbé,"
olanges to Monsieur Poulot
there was the préfet and his
eur — her intimate friends

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indeed!—and everything had been sent from Paris—Victoire heard it from the cook—pine-apples for which she paid their weight in gold."

Madame Martaud after that morning felt that she had revenged the humiliations suffered some thirty years before.

The bride accepted the attentions and advice tendered her by Madame Martaud with the same tranquility. "Never was there a nicer little mouse," said the rich bourgeoise.

Within the year the Vicomtesse had a little girl.

"It actually seems wrong," said all the ladies. After the birth of the child Madame de Beaupré was more in Paris than at Magny le Sec, which so annoyed society that it began to pity Monsieur de Beaupré, and skake its head at the thought of all the court balls and other terrible temptations of the capital. "Considering the difference of their ages, the Vicomte had better have kept her out of harm's way; people said she was growing very pretty." Whenever Madame de Beaupré did appear in Magny, the fact of her improved looks was verified with holy suspicion.

She was certainly very pretty, with lovely long brown eyes, a quantity of silky dark hair, a complexion like the petals of a *fleur de lis*, and a sweet child's mouth—one of those small women who seem born to be petted and caressed.

"It's monstrous to think of that old De Beaupré as her husband. The best service he can

were the comments of every
quaintance.
eaupré went on living, appa-
o to do. He was the best-
e world, so that he had a
and was never contradicted.
be disturbed in any of his
rything that was, was right.
argument, he couldn't and
always overpower his adver-
gifted him with a portentous
d a portentous voice. When
ne half-dozen times, "I can't
understood the uselessness of

year of their marriage that
ré informed Madame that it
to him that the most promi-
agny le Sec were desirous he
as a candidate in the approach-
w mayor. M. de Beaupré con-
ere elected mayor, it would add
e. "I have plans for the future
stations—which make my popu-
ment of consequence," he roared
s sitting within arm's length of

ever cared much for any answers
Beaupré. He had married to
erit his vast possessions. Thérèse
this task, and he required nothing

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else from her, not even a reply when
her. He went on, "I must give a cou
and a ball." said the la
"It is very near Lent," to have
"Allow me sometimes There are c
Madame de Beaupré. of wh
you, when a man is best judge Thi
his station in life. I don't often
your arrangements and decisions. Thérèse,
must act the master; and wish
remember this: when a woman
man of sense, she must take a rounda
make a circuit, you understand."
"I thought a straight line was the sho
point to point," said Thérèse in her u
voice.
"Ho! what? pray; what can you kn
straight or crooked lines?" roared the
rising and stretching himself so as to sh
mighty convexity of his figure. "He,
you know you were repeating a mathema
lem. I say, my child, do you know wh
angle is?"
Thérèse coolly drew a demonstration.
"In the name of God, who taught you
"Sœuer Leocadie."
"Wrong—decidedly wrong. Wh
have nuns and women with mathema
good have they done you, Madame
beg to ask?"

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CHAPTER II.

ONSEQUENCES OF A MASS IN MUSIC.

val of Monsieur and Madame de Beaupré
e Sec was always the signal for a series of
l evening parties. Madame de Beaupré's
r two o'clock, was invariably full. She
y truth, the cynosure of all the eyes of
visitors; not a fold of her gown, not
her hair, but underwent a scrutiny;
a feminine fever to see how she dressed.
the ladies of the town paid an annual
ris; but their knowledge of the fashions
e whole, derived from shop-windows and
they saw on the stage. Provincial
very little in common with the *grand*
the capital: they always manage to be
mark. But Madame de Beaupré was
"grande dame" of the *grand monde*,
ne rights and privileges appertaining to
of life. No one certainly would think
o her for advice on any subject; but
be no doubt that between her dress-
her lady's-maid her gowns were "ex-
nd that her bonnets looked as if pro-
fairy fingers—such a "freshness" about

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Before leaving Paris, M. de Beaupré had condescended to bawl to his wife, that he wished her to be very civil to all his constituents. He expected her to show an interest in the subjects that interested them; and if there were any families o whom she had never yet called, she was now remedy the oversight. She must exert hers she would easily find people to help her. could not do better than seek for knowled advice from the Demoiselles de Tremerey heard everything that was going on in They had his interests at heart. It wa that she should be more with those l were safe companions. Remarking a ce ing of Madame la Vicomtesse's lovel at this recommendation, M. de Bea testily,—

"There's nothing so extraordinary my request; but as soon as a woman i makes up her mind always to oppose *Tu dieu!* a man loses his liberty, and in return."

Madame de Beaupré made no a sally. When a woman of twenty ca a retort, you may be sure she has la of will. M. de Beaupré could not so he finished his lecture by begging remember that it was of the greates to him to be acquainted with the anim habitants of Magny le Sec.

As it was the first time that Monsieu

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appeared to consider Thérèse more than her to which he gave value, she was proportionately impressed. She exerted herself beyond his wishes.

At the moment of their return to Tremerens the town was in a state of civil war as to its two professors of music.

Monsieur Dardare had been giving lessons for five-and-twenty years; Jules Frankomme the last luster of Monsieur Dardare's only during the last luster of Monsieur Dardare's reign.

Monsieur Dardare had taught all the most distinguished mothers of the rising generation, and consequently enjoyed a monopoly of their distinguished daughters. Monsieur Dardare had just as much musical talent as a musical-box; whereas Frankomme was a born musician, which is quite another affair from being a made one. He had talent, le feu sacré, and industry. Nevertheless, the distinguished mammas of Magny le Sec would not patronize him. Why had he come? Who wanted him? Every door of the élite was hermetically closed against the young intruder.

"He will have to go; he can't manage to live on lessons to the girls of bakers and shoemakers." Monsieur Dardare had said this, year after year, and yet there still was the indomitable Frankomme; and the mad young fellow had dared to marry on his prospects—and such prospects!

Madame de Beaupré had been bidden to interest herself in what interested the town, and to culti-

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vate Mademoiselle Virginie de Tremerens' society. Rousing herself to obey both mandates, the little Vicomtesse asked the third member of the 150 if really this M. Frankomme was a monster to be got rid of?

"Undoubtedly; he is not wanted in Magny. He is the cause of a deal of disturbance."

While Madame de Beaupré was concocting another question, she was startled by hearing Miss Virginie say, in a muffled voice,—

"If she thinks to get the truth out of me, she is mistaken,—a stupid child."

A momentary silence ensued, then Mademoiselle Virginie fixed her eyes with an anxious stare on Madame de Beaupré, and said,—

"I beg your pardon; you were speaking."

"No, I said nothing," returned Madame de Beaupré, hardly able to repress a laugh.

It was not the first time Madame de Beaupré had heard Mademoiselle Virginie unconsciously reveal her private sentiments, but never before had she been so diverted as by to-day's confession. And to think that she should not dare to tell any one that she had been called "stupid child" to her very face. Out of girlish glee, she endeavored to continue the conversation; but Mademoiselle Virginie had conceived a suspicion that she had already been indiscreet, and took her leave.

It is a melancholy fact that as soon as we allow our heart to dictate a course of action to us, we are almost sure to get ourselves and others into a scrap

e teaches us to be egotists.
n of fifty say to a petitioner?
have made it a rule never to
the wise mother of a family,
t even a finger, might save one
ng stranded on a desert island,
? "I am very sorry," (and so
are full of tears,) "but on the
ot to meddle."

adame de Beaupré following her
her youth and inexperience to
is time she had never been allowed
All at once her husband had de-
y a part, and, as if on purpose to
ortunity of doing so, she perceived
called nothing less than a persecu-
nocent person. Had twenty years
er her head, she would have pitied
and taken care not to pronounce a
-or. As it was, she drove that very
ng Professor's house, and took Mad-
e quite by surprise.

however, the most embarrassed of
ame Frankomme had all the confi-
opy woman—of one accustomed to
a her own family. She brought her
mired; but the object of her most
ride was her husband. Madame de
possessed by the idea of M. Fran-
in danger of starvation, said, tim-
should be glad if M. Frankomme

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could give her some lessons during
had to pass at Magny. Madam
puffed out her throat like a proud
swered, She was sure her husband
he could, but his time was so occu
he did not like leaving her alone so
was always so anxious about her.
home, if she did not feel inclined
laugh, he fancied she was dull, a
stand that; and it was difficult t
you had been left alone all da
Madame Frankomme pronounc
name, was a revelation of love.

Madame de Beaupré sat on, li
est. When the professor's wif
breath, the Vicomtesse said, "
happy."

"He is *so* good, such a hea
Suddenly Madame Frankomm
claimed, "I hear his step." T
was an impatient call, "Mar
you?"

"He always expects me to
plained Marie.

"Pray go," said Madame
spoke, the door opened, and
in, all in a heat and hurry.
of his wife seated in familia
greatest lady of the town.
as plainly as eyes could do,
of all this? It was Madame

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him an explanation. Madame de Beaupré added, with polite untruth, that she had long wished to make M. Frankomme's acquaintance.

In all provincial places in France, the smallest official has not only a right, but it is his duty, to leave a card on the highest functionary. M. Frankomme, as one of the organists of the town, had fulfilled this duty; but M. de Beaupré had not troubled himself even to send a card in return—an unusual piece of rudeness in a Frenchman. M. Frankomme, therefore, was not inclined to be Madame de Beaupré's most obedient servant. On being made, however, to understand that she wished to have lessons from him, his heart gave a bound; he felt that his evil days were over once he became known as the Vicomtesse de Beaupré's music-master. He examined his note-book and told her, with apparent calm, what hours on certain days he had free, and Madame de Beaupré engaged to take three lessons a week.

"I am afraid I shall try your patience," she said, deprecatingly; "I never could manage octaves."

"Ah! but with a little practice you will be able," pronounced Madame Frankomme, as if she were an infallible authority. Madame de Beaupré went home in that state of pleasant excitement which follows the performance of some good action. She had not taken her second lesson before the fact was patent to all Magny le Sec.

M. Dardare and his patronesses were furious; it was an insult, a challenge; all the ladies who administered a weekly dose of flattery to the Vicom-

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the impression that in obeying Madame de
ré he was obliging monsieur her husband.
Curé was better than his word; he used his
ce with the choristers of the cathedral. He
ed the rehearsals himself, and ended by
the composer into such special favor as to
de one of his penitents, a young lady with a
us voice, to sing the solo in the "Agnus

e was a schism! a secession! a desertion to
nem y's camp! The only person in Magny
e tranquility was not disturbed, was M. de
pré, to whom no one as yet had had courage
veal his wife's signal folly. Who could have
ved, to see her, that she had so much mischief
er?

t last the fatal Sunday arrived. The cathedral
crowded with evil wishers. M. Frankomme
w this, and almost regretted that he had ven-
d on the trial. He sought to gain courage by
ing for sympathy from Madame de Beaupré.
said to himself, "If I catch her eye and she
es, all will go well," and then fixed his own
erful orbs on the back of her head. Yielding
me magnetic power, she turned, saw him, and
d. The young man drew a long breath,
ed towards his wife, sitting in the organ-loft
le as ashes, and seized a roll of music as his
ctor's baton. no doubt the music *was* good:
ere could be notes of the "Gloria," on through
the first

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the "Sanctus," "Benedictus," it increased in interest, until it culminated gloriously in the "Agnus Dei." Those who had gone to scoff were reduced to ignominious silence. Madame de Beaupré, leaning upon M. de Beaupré's arm, waited at the great door to compliment the professor, and M. de Beaupré instinctively and incautiously added his congratulations to those of his wife. Every one standing near did the same; it was an undisguised triumph. "A young man of talent," affirmed the Receiver-General; and "a young man of talent," was repeated by various echoes.

"I do hope that Monsieur Frankomme will get on now," observed Madame de Beaupré at dinner.

"Why, what is it to you?" bawled the Vicomte.

Madame de Beaupré answered timidly,—

"Because that old Monsieur Dardare wants to keep him down, to starve him."

M. de Beaupré stared at his wife; what had come to her that she had an idea of her own After the scrutiny of a couple of minutes, h shouted louder than usual,—

"You are not to take any side, do you hear the trumpery quarrels of the town; what's it to whether one man or another starves? You to have nothing more to do with this m master."

"May I not go on with my lessons?"

"No; or take them from Dardare; he is of influence here."

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de Beaupré retreated into a prudent
h a presentment that the matter had

t day the local newspaper contained a
ck against Frankomme's mass. The
cleverly answered; a paper war ensued,
rse of which transparent hints and allu-
not spared as to undue influence, patron-
etticoat government.
eaupré's supporters explained to him the
icomtesse had committed by patronizing
mme, and sent the Vicomte home in a
scolded his wife before the servants, just
er or ploughman might have done.
he Dardarite ladies persuaded or forced
d to vote against M. de Beaupré. The
ival was elected *maire* by a majority of

ng of the day of his defeat, the Vicomte
ck of sanguine apoplexy; he lingered
in a state of unconsciousness; on the
l ceased to breathe.
que c'est toi qui l'as tué. They will
l him," said Madame Frankomme to

l, it was Dardare," he replied.
le Beaupré will hate thee all the rest
aid the happy young wife.
ont know," he replied, his eyes laugh-
sly. "She is still quite young, and
d awfully disagreeable. We are all

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instruments, you know, in the hands of Providence, working out each other's fate unconsciously. Who could have supposed my mass would have cost the Vicomte de Beaupré his election, and made a widow of his wife."

"You are not to talk so to anybody but me," said Madame Frankomme, seized with a sudden alarm.

"Who but you accused me?" he asked. "I wonder whether Dardare will condescend to play the organ at his funeral. Considering what you have suggested, I had rather not."

It was, however, M. Jules Frankomme who had to play the "De Profundis" and the "Dies Iræ" for the deceased "très noble et très puissant seigneur, le Vicomte de Beaupré, Baron de Souliat," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER III.

ANGELO AND THE GOVERNESS.

THE news of Monsieur de Beaupré's death exploded like a bomb in the town. There was a general consternation. The partisans of Dardare had wished to punish, not to kill their member outright; and an impression prevailed that the Vicomte's disappointment as to the mayoralty had occasioned his fatal apoplexy. As his death, however, could never be brought home to any individual, Magny le Sec was not long in recovering its equilibrium.

How the good folks did talk! what discussions about Madame de Beaupré! what speculations as to her income, as to where she would live, as to how soon she would marry again, and whom. What reports, without one word of truth, were circulated. Everybody knew that there had been a *conseil de famille*, and that the Vicomtesse was to pass the term of her widowhood in the convent of the Visitandines at Paris. A week after, it was equally certain that she was, by the will, obliged to remain in Tremerens House, under the supervision of "the ladies," or lose the guardianship of her child.

When the first visits of condolence were paid, what comments were made. You might have supposed Madame de Beaupré on her trial. Madame

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Chuquet, the superior
of "Les Mères Chrétiennes
dalized by the want
Vicomtesse's mourning
"Her dress, my dear
her cap! it had streamers
was miraculous how
husband, and such a h
so becomingly arranged
quite for making a
Beaupré's silken locks
In the middle of
and her little girl
For two years all
her was, that the
Tremerens House
ladies," and that
removed.

The under-current
through human
towards Madame
one felt that the
apartment. Mo
have been glad t

Madame Chuq
thought this pay
fied to Madam
sense, and inde
interests of he
more silly than
money.

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end of two years the Demoiselles de
suddenly announced that the Vicom-
about to return. She would certainly
ummer and autumn at Magny. Little
d been very ill. Sea air had been tried
uccess, and the doctors had now recom-
a sojourn of some months in a vine
A fashionable German doctor had recom-
that the child should try the grape cure.
me de Beaupré was in Tremerens House
he news that she was coming was nine days
urner's famous patch of red did not produce
startling effect in his picture, than our
icomtesse's presence on Magny le Sec.
ober streets, used to the quiet, sleepy trot
me Martaud's old greys, almost white from
the respectable and dignified roll of the
calêche, had to get accustomed to the
whirl of Madame de Beaupré's blue
the high-stepping horses, that seemed
and to the tall, powdered footman. The
had to master their disgust and sur-
Madame de Tessin, first cousin to
Beaupré, appeared, driving her long-
cream-colored ponies. Well, they never—
had thought respectable ladies could go
such hats, and such dresses; they
all the world, those two great ladies, like
cers.
old house was made to shelter
freaks. Private theatricals, charades,

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and dancing, were sober amusements
Vicomtesse had hide-and-seek and bli
parties. There were several young m
among the Government employés, bo
le Sec and in the neighboring towns
railway not more than an hour, and
always at Madame de Beaupré's orders
no want of courtiers to aid and abet
very demon of folly seemed to possess
Mademoiselle de Tremerens.

The noise and the revels had been b
but there was yet a greater trial in st
rigidly Catholic sisters.

One fine day an English governe
English! and Protestant!!

This was beyond levity; it was a
act. What! confide a Catholic child
not woman, a Calvanist, a Unitarian.
oiselles de Tremerens were more zeal
informed. It should never be said
rens witnessed an attack on the Chu
effort to repulse it. Mademoiselle
dressed herself in the severest mou
to remonstrate with Madame de B

"*Mon Dieu!* such a modest, we
woman as she had been in Monsieu
time. How had such a metamorp
It was not to be believed—not t

Mademoiselle de Tremerens
Beaupré and Madame de Tessin
for dresses just received from P

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usual ceremonious salutations, Made-
Tremerens hemmed and said,—
thought it her duty to come and say
de Beaupré's face, what others were
hind her back. Would Madame de
e kind enough to state distinctly of what
er governess was."
estant, isn't she, Suzette?" asked Madame
pré of her cousin.
—Protestant."
you mean to keep her, to let her have
rge of Mademoiselle de Beaupré?" asked
oiselle de Tremerens, with quivering lips.
ever thought about the lady's religion,"
ed the Vicomtesse, unmoved. "The *only*
on I made was that she should not be pretty.
e I am really prudent. She isn't the least
"
d you have no anxiety, no fear for the soul
r only child?" interrogated Mademoiselle
ens.
not in the least, Mademoiselle."
hall take the pink; you had better have
e gauze, Thérèse," called out Madame de

e suits fair people best," returned Madame
pré; "let me have the pink. Have you
e last fashions, Mademoiselle de Treme-
nd she carried some of the colored prints
Mode Illustrée to the old lady. "Lovely,
not?"

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"I am no judge, Mad
me to speak my mind;
dear to me, and who ou
feel it my duty to let y
(a stupid old woman in
in Magny le Sec blames
is clear."

"Thank you, a tho
oiselle, for telling me di
been anybody else but
lieved them. Every o
always coming to see
with invitations. W
this is!"

"There is one u
Beaupré," said Made
and stiffening her wh
us last Sunday that o
consequences."

"Well, even such
that. For instance,
Tessin recommends
would be I should
secret she desires.
erness she will learn

"I shall say no
began Mademoiselle

"That is what y
rupted Madame de
punction and vexati

"Allow me to fi

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demoiselle de Tremerens. "If I
interfere in your concerns, it is
e departed. We were brought up
confidence in me. I know what
nts. It's enough to bring him out
way things are going."

Madame de Beaupré and Made-
erens would have been a study for a
ague uneasy fear on that of the
e, stern sorrow on that of the latter.
those women who, with strong, te-
ns, a great power of loving, go
thout ever exciting the feeling most
prized by every daughter of Eve;
tyrs to a want of gracefulness of
dy, victims to the absence of the
i.

lle de Tremerens rose to take her leave
ing out of her plumage—that is, of
ack silk dress, that had all the air of
the dust from her head and shoulders
er feet.

s Mademoiselle Virginie would like to
est fashions," said Madame de Beaupré,
of conciliation, offering some of the illus-
the book of fashions.

you. Virginie does not go to masquer-
d having shot this Parthian dart, the old
ted.

, if I live till the Day of Judgment," she
vening to l'Abbé Poulot, "shall I believe

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Anatole's marriage was a
tesse d'Auberive has much t
So she had; but not in t
de Tremerens meant. She h
a pure human soul intrusted
No woman marries a man w
has her moral sense obscured.
or has placed herself, on the b
to destruction.

As soon as Mademoiselle
of hearing, Madame de Be
like that old woman."

Madame de Tessin, who w
mirror arranging her hair ac
whimsical pictures of the "Pet
"I am not partial to acids, b
Bertha be made a Protestant;
difficult to marry her well-
have such a fancy for religion
guste de Malonet, one of the
ried a girl only because she was

"Please to remember, my d
is not yet six years old. I g
cause Madame d'Auberive wo
ing alone. She wanted me to
I excused myself by saying I
lishwoman so that Bertha m
that was the first reason. The
she wouldn't understand Fre
a restraint; but she does; s
I believe."

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"Why don't you marry again, Thérèse?" asked Madame de Tessin, after a pause.

"Because I have been married already," was the laughing answer. "Now, Suzette, tell me, did you ever meet a man who really cared for his wife? My experience goes the other way. I don't believe a man *can* care only for one woman. I have had such confidences. You remember poor Eugenie Malleville—how desperately in love with her Ernest de Hauterive was as long as her husband was alive! Well, he told her frankly, just before they married, that he should be horribly jealous if she so much as smiled on any one save himself, but that she was not to be in fits, and to suppose he did not love her if he permitted himself an occasional caprice. Now, do you call that justice?"

"My charming, men *are* monsters, but we can't do without them."

And then the two pretty cousins set to work to pull their male acquaintances to pieces. How they did laugh at this one and the other; with what subtlety they detected weaknesses; how they put their taper fingers on hypocrisy here; vanity, selfishness there. Men in private are always sufficiently severe on women. Manly weapons were blunt compared to those used this morning by these little Vicomtesses, who were generally supposed to be "*tant pert, sottes.*"

And to think we dress and grimace all for the ation of such poor creatures!" summed up e de Beaupré.

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"Its the fault of
Thérèse," explained
"My Englishwom
observed Madame de
makes of herself. Sh
looks. I have seen h
which showed all her f
staring at her as if he
said afterwards he could
sublime or ridiculous.

Madame de Beaupré
pleased with her English
tions of race" would be a d
essay. Such near neighbo
French are, yet so fundamen

After the first shock of su
over, Madame de Beaupré w
Power with an interest and
akin to that which Baker and
in making acquaintance with

Miss Power's matutinal cold
in opening all the windows of
thick boots and short petticoats
itary walks, her reserve, her me
constant reading, were all as s
Madame de Beaupré as that of b
wives before breakfast to the d
sources of the Nile.

"She reads till my eyes ache fo
so fidgety, and does so worry abou
disciplined, and that when once I hav

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and that she is to be sent to bed
every evening, and to have no bon-
t give the child so much as a lump
if I have the tiniest spot on my
s comes up, and says, 'Permit me,
you that there is some grease on
This was the account the Vicom-
very one of the Englishwoman.
on her side, wrote to her friends,
y and his wife, in these terms:—
comfortable than you would imagine
f folly and misrule. It seems like a
eople of the same species as we are,
relessly; indifferent to aught else than
selves; always in a state of excite-
s struggling to get rid of ennui by
ess or company. And what conversa-
s about people.
carcely seen Madame de Beaupré open
a novel, since I came. Sometimes she
m to learn English, and makes me tell
es of the furniture in the room; but as
, she cannot. And yet she says, as all
hwomen do, clever things, and I hear
tly called *très spirituelle*. It is not to be
ever, that she is extremely pretty, and
h as she is pretty.
cannot pardon in her is that she seems
dog, a creature about the size of a rat,
she does her lovely little girl. That
me indignant.

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"For myself pe
plain. She, who
but her pleasure, t
nature."

Miss Power prid
sincerity. Not for
she have been gui
adopted to prove h
de Beaupré was to in
dog. Now, every
quaintance made a po
Power, on the contra
safed it a friendly pat
animal would stand
eyes that gradually fill
sternly on him.

Angelo was as little
tress, therefore it could
of contradiction, or the
that he one day follow
went out to take her "c
Saules." This was a p
on one side by the rive
Champs de Mars, the
soldiers.

When Miss Power sav
bounds, she had a passi
up and carry him, but s
and left him to trot painfu
weak legs. She did not
her pace on his account.

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never could explain, for her back was turned, but a shrill canine cry making her look round, she beheld Angelo tossing in the water.

It was the worst place the poor little beast could have chosen for his immersion—there, just at the end of the walk, where the back-water from a mill rushes madly into the river. Angelo looked like a ball of white wool, as the eddy rolled him over and over.

Miss Power screamed almost as loudly as the Vicomtesse herself would have done under the circumstances. She was in agony at the sight of the helpless creature perishing before her eyes.

A soldier passing by, attracted by the screams, came to the Englishwoman's side, stood for an instant looking at the drowning Angelo; then, without a word, threw his cap on the ground, stripped off his jacket, and jumped into the rushing water. It had been bad enough to see a dog in danger of death, but a man . . . Christian Power clasped her hands and prayed loudly and earnestly.

The soldier was young and strong, and a good swimmer, so he and the unlucky Angelo were soon on the bank in safety.

"I am so much obliged to you—so grateful, I mean," said Miss Power, with white cheeks and trembling lips, as she received the shivering dog into her shawl. With an instinct that she ought to do something to show her gratitude, she put her hand into her pocket and drew out her purse. Catching sight of the face of the soldier, she let Angelo and the purse drop.

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"Raymond—Raymond Savoi
his hand in hers.

The young soldier, pressing
affectionately, said in his turn,—

"Who would have thought of
The last news I had of you, you
mond, you are dripping wet.
still, put on your jacket and
suppose you should catch your
account of this horrid animal.
now worse than ever."

"Poor little brute," said Raymond
Angelo, and beginning to rub him
brown hand. "Tell me quickly
Christian, and if I may come and see
our being seen walking together—
could not remain in Magny twenty-
wards."

"I am with Madame de Beaupré,"
"What, with the mad Vicomtesse?"
"She isn't mad at all—only rather
"What a trick of fate to bring you
de Beaupré together. If my father
don't believe he would let you remain
"Nonsense, Raymond. She is
other rich women of the world—
say; more a spoiled child than a bad
you shall not stand here another minute
come and see me; I am sure Madame
won't object—she is good-nature itself."

"But when?"

"At your own hour. I shall stay at home all day."

"Dear old Christian, I am so glad to see you again." And Raymond Savoisy once more pressed her hands in his.

"Now run—do run, Raymond," she said.

The moment he left her, she began to cry—quietly—as those do who have long been acquainted with trouble.

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CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTIAN'S EXPLANATION.

CHRISTIAN'S cheeks were of the unusual hu
red peony when she restored Angelo to M
de Beaupré's arms, and her eyes (as they
were when she was greatly moved) gre
brilliant as those of Venus when she first en
from the salt sea waves.

"Angelo has been nearly drowned; he fe
the river."

"Great heavens, Mademoiselle! and you ca
me so with such calm."

A man risked his life to save that of the us
little beast," went on Miss Power, in a tone o
cided hostility.

But Madame de Beaupré was too much abso
in caressing her pet to heed the angry emphasi
the governess's words.

"And was my treasure nearly drowned; he sl
never, never again leave his mistress—*mon coe*
mon chat; *mon bichon*—kiss, kiss, kiss."

A sound, a significant sound, one she was not
customed to hear, roused Madame de Beaupré fro
her absorption; had she really heard an expressio
of contempt! The Vicomtesse had beautiful lila
veined eyelids, with long thick fringes. She had

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way of studying faces through this species of veil. She did so now, contemplating Miss Power seriously for the space of a minute. Then, as if waking out of a reverie, she said,—

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle, for not listening to what you were saying."

"It was scarcely worth your attention, Madame."

"What you say is always worth hearing, Mademoiselle," returned Madame de Beaupré; "not my case. I have always been told that I spoke first and thought afterwards. I think that's why Angelo and I are such good companions; for the sake of my love he overlooks my silly ways."

This was just one of the Vicomtesse's speeches which Miss Power never could decide whether it did or did not contain any ulterior meaning. She answered,—

"I believe, Madame, that you did not hear me say that a *man* had risked his life to save that of your *dog*."

"He must be a very good man who did that," observed the Vicomtesse. "What did you say to him? Did you tell him it was my pet, and that I should be glad and ready to reward him? You asked his name, I hope."

"I didn't offer him a sous, though he is only a common soldier;" and Christian gave a little toss of her head. There was a good deal of combativeness in her nature.

"And why not? I am sure he must want money. I am always so sorry for soldiers. Some one told me

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they only get a sou, or perhaps two
pocket-money; and if they smoke, ho
it is a puzzle to me."

Miss Power burst out laughing—
burst out crying.

"What have I said? What have
claimed Madame de Beaupré in unfei
"Indeed, I am very sorry;" and, putt
gelo, she left the room, only to retur
thin phial, containing eau de carmes,
French remedy for all nervous attac
nerfs.

Madame de Beaupré carefully measu
a coffee-spoonful on some sugar, in a win
full of water.

"Pray swallow this, Mademoiselle.
you good."

"I don't require anything of the sort,
Power, sternly. "I never fainted or ha
in my life; I have no nerves, thank G
simply amused by the contrast betwee
and the present—poor Raymond!" and M
drew in her breath sharp and hard. I a
have disturbed you, Madame; if you will
I will go to my own room for a little w
without waiting for permission asked, the
hastened away, leaving the Vicomtesse
plexed than she had ever been by any of
tifications of the Gustaves and Anatoles c
qvaintance.

She was still fondling her dog, though c

over Miss Power's oddities of manners and words, when visitor after visitor came in, full of the *soirée* at the Prefecture the previous evening. They were all young and joyous, not cruelly unmerciful to reputations, but ready to ridicule everything human and divine.

In Madame de Beaupré's salon, every one that was absent received a "tongue-thrust." M. un Tel had told Madame Chose that she reminded him of an aviary, with her bird of paradise in her hair, and canaries on her shoulders; M. B—— had declared that Madame C—— had forgotten the body of her dress. They called Madame Delbecque Aline Reine de Golconde, because she made such a fuss about her diamonds. Another of their dear friends was compared to a market-gardener's stall, with her decorations of green and red. The men fared no better; the wit of one was in his feet; he could dance, but so could a bear. Young De Migny's collar, where had he got it from? And old De Noisy! had anybody remarked what eyes he made at Madame Ferrail? People had given up talking of them; but after last night, impossible but that tongues would wag again. At last some one asked if "l'Anglaise" was not going to show herself? Madame Emile Dubois wanted to ask her about Protestant saints.

"She has none; Protestants believe fewer things than Jews," said Anatole Guérin, gravely.

"Oh, Dieu! chère Vicomtesse, and you don't mind having her in the house! Isn't it disagreeable?"

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"Sometimes," replied Madame de Beaupré. "She let Ang
was very near hating her to-day. being in despa
fall into the river, and instead of a common so
she scolded me because some man, out of the water."
dier, picked my darling
"She's more bizarre than I gave her credit fo
being," drawled the Substitut of the Procureur Impé
rial, in an ironical tone. "How dared she think th
life of a common soldier of more value than th
of the semi-divine Angelo!"

Madame de Beaupré peeped at the speak
through her long eye-lashes, just as she had do
an hour ago at Christian, and then exclaimed
her most baby voice, "You are laughing at
go away, I won't have anything more to say
you."

"Those English are so out of the way," said M
ame de Tessin; so dreadfully fair, so dreadfu
tall!"

"Mees is not so ill-looking," observed Gustav
"What next?" asked Madame de Tessin, herse
a small brunette.

"I persist," said the young man, twirling hi
moustache, and looking provokingly at Madame d
Tessin. "A Cleopatra kind of woman."

There was a burst of laughter, which, ascending
to the somber salon above stairs, made Mademoi-
selle de Tremerens wonder aloud what could make
those people laugh so; not a thought, no, not one,
for any serious subject; and time—precious time—
fleeting—fleeting . . .

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"Cleopatra, I always understood, was a small black woman," observed some one.

"That is a disputed point," said Gustave; "I saw a portrait of her only last year, and I protest it was of a tall, fair woman, with ardent hair. Roman women——."

"Egyptian; every one knows she was a gipsy," interrupted Madame de Tessin, scornfully.

"Roman women of her stamp," continued Gustave, gravely, "were wont to dye their hair with carmine; if you don't believe me, ask the professor of natural philosophy."

"How old is your governess, Madame?" asked Madame Dubois. In the provinces the age of a new arrival is always discussed.

"Forty," said Gustave.

"Nonsense! Miss Povère told me she was twenty-nine," answered the Vicomtesse.

"Very strange!" observed Gustave; "but I have never known a woman of thirty—multitudes who were twenty-nine."

"Poor Madame Villefray always says she is thirty-nine, and talks of herself and of me as of the same age," said Madame Dubois, who was really only twenty-two.

"Thirty-nine!" exclaimed a voice. "She is forty-four. Ernestine Decamps, my cousin, is forty, and Henri Bonne is forty-two, and Adèle Villefray was running alone when Henri was in arms. I have heard Madame Bonne tell how she would put her finger in Henri's eyes when he was a baby."

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"Her case has been tried fairly, and
demned to forty-four," said Gustave.
"I hope we have talked scandal
Madame de Beaupré.
"Truth is generally scandalous,"
tave, laughing.
No sooner had Madame de Beau
taken their leave, than Miss Power re
salon.
"Can you spare me half-an-hour,
wish to give you an explanation of
overcome this morning."
"Indeed, I don't need any explan
quite satisfied; I am sure you alwa
and Madame de Beaupré looked up
tall governess's face.
"You mistake me, Madame. I do
excuse myself. I thought you might
it explained why I said you could
ompense to the man who saved your
"Ah! to be sure, I ought not
Pray sit down, Mademoiselle, and
must not send the poor fellow
Thérèse noticed an expression of disgust
the Englishwoman's mobile features.
"Because he is a gentleman," said Christi
"the superior of every one I ever saw here,
anywhere—a hero—a martyr."
Madame de Beaupré looked alarmed.
"I shall not detain you ten minutes, Madame,
I hold to your hearing Raymond Savoisy's stor

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Madame de Beaupré recovered her good breeding and said,—

"We don't understand one another. I believe people never do understand one another. I am not trying to get rid of you; I am not dreading your society, only I do so hate martyrs."

The shadow of a smile crossed the governess's face, followed by a transient wonder that any one so childish could have already traversed the three great epochs of a woman's life—wifehood, motherhood, and widowhood.

"Come and sit by me and tell me anything you please, Mademoiselle. I am sure your martyr must be more interesting than those we had at the Convent."

Miss Power began at once, "The soldier who saved Angelo is Raymond Savoisy, the eldest son of the dearest friend I ever had on earth. His father is a pastor of the Reformed Church of France. I first met the family at Castelnaudary, ten years ago, the first year I went out as a governess. I was only eighteen then, and had, I suppose, a share of what the French call *la beauté du diable*. I was ignorant as a baby of the ways of mankind, and I should have got into endless trouble but for Monsieur and Madame Savoisy. All country towns gossip, and some gossip about me reached the Savoisys' ears. They did not stay to consider whether or not they were likely to injure themselves by interfering in my behalf. They came at once to the family where I was governess

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—the most influential people I ever
plained to me the danger to go, for I am
knowing I had nowhere to go, home. A
offered to take me into their home, there is
home it was. It showed me that
on earth.

"You don't like martyrs, Madame, and
you like saints as little; but you could n
helped reverencing and loving M. Savoisy, h
been in my place. His creed and his pract
in harmony. What he preaches, that he
the poor and the afflicted are his brethren.
the single person I have ever seen who gives
idea of what the apostles must have been.
he was in the pulpit I used to think I saw a
round his head. The very priests who hate
doctrine, loved his person. But it was when
mitted into the intimacy of his family that
learned all the perfection of his character.
was so affectionate, so tender, so benevolent, an
so just. Ah! Madame, it is difficult to be really
just. Every one within his walls grew good under
his influence. If I have any good in me, I owe it
to him.

"It is a great deal to say, that Madame Savoisy
is worthy of such a husband; but, indeed, she is.
She is a quick-tempered, intelligent woman, easily
melted to compassion, and as easily roused to in-
dignation; thorough in everything, thorough wife,
thorough mother, thorough friend. The children,
five of them, all different—all good—though not

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born exempted from original sin. Raymond, the eldest—he is of my age—was, when I first knew him, a bright clever boy, full of ambition to rise in his profession. The Savoisys are far from rich; in your eyes, Madame, they would be poor; their generosity and charity never allow them to economize. If the parents loved one child more than another, it was Raymond—he was the apple of his mother's eye.

"Just when they received me into their family, Madame Savoisy began to have qualms about the conscription; and, in order to lay by money to procure a substitute in case Raymond should draw a bad number, she had decided to take pupils. She thought it probable that English girls wishing to learn French might be sent to them, for M. Savoisy was well known, by reputation, to the religious world in England.

"But it is always difficult to get what one wants at the right moment; and it was only after months of expectation, that a young lady did come to them, and they kept me as a governess for her.

"But at the end of the year she left, and they had been so liberal to her and to me, that very few hundred francs had been laid by, and Raymond was already nineteen. I forgot to tell you he was studying with an architect, and his master said he had first-rate talents."

Here Christian paused, and Madame de Beaupré was going to speak, when the governess, with a deprecatory gesture, went on speaking very fast.

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"As they could not succeed in get girl pupils, they agreed to take a yo Swiss, who had been highly recommende That was the beginning of all the troubl fell in love with Salome Savoisy, and M. sent him away, and would take no more pu was of no more use, and I could not remain a so I went away to a German family.

"In a letter from Madame Savoisy, just the fatal time for the conscription, she told tha had resolved, if Raymond got a bad numb raise money on their house, and get a substitu him; and that the other children would not jured, as the money paid for Raymond wou counted as his portion. Everything went wr Salome fell into bad health—fretting. Raym drew a low number, and the end of it was that money which had been intended to buy him off, w given for Salome's dot. Raymond insisted o this."

"Ah! now I understand. The soldier who rescued Angelo was this Monsieur Raymond. I said he must be a good man," and Madame de Beaupré's lovely eyes were full of tears. "What came of his mother?"

"It all but killed her outright. Her life hangs on his."

"But he can go back to her when he has served his time?"

"And how is he to make up for these seven years? As an architect his career is ruined; the

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only thing he can do is to turn ploughman," said Christian, bitterly. Then she added, "I have troubled you with all this, Madame, because I wish for your permission to see him sometimes."

"See him! To be sure, whenever you please. I must see him myself to thank him about Angelo. Tell him to come whenever he pleases. I will ask him to dinner."

"You forget that he is only a common soldier, Madame."

"No, I don't. But I shall get him made an officer; that will comfort his poor mother and you, will it not?"

"You are good, really good," said Miss Power; and suddenly kissed one of Madame de Beaupré's tiny unserviceable-looking hands.

"I may tell every one the story, mayn't I? And I shall insist on his being received everywhere. I always do what I set my heart on."

Of all things that could have been proposed, nothing more distasteful to Christian than this project, could have been discovered. It was exasperating to her to imagine all the inanities that would be uttered as to what had been agony like unto death to those she so dearly loved; and then the idea of soirées being held up as a consolation for ruined hopes!

"I think, dear Madame," she said, with forced calmness, "that the greatest kindness you can show Raymond Savoisy is to avoid calling public attention to him. Even all your influence can-

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CHAPTER V.

THE VICOMTESSE AND THE GENERAL.

"I shall be out all this afternoon, Mademoiselle," said Madame de Beaupré next morning to Christian. "Write and tell M. Savoisy to come and see you. Bertha and the bonne can chaperone you."

This last recommendation almost offended the English woman, but she subdued her anger, remembering she was in France, where duennas are requisite even for young single ladies of thirty and upwards. As Madame de Beaupré was leaving the room, she turned and said, laughingly,—

"Don't tell him I thought more of my dog's life than of his; it wouldn't be true."

While Raymond and Christian were talking over old times, forgetting the weary present in the happier past, Madame de Beaupré was seated in the business-room of the commandant of the detachment of Raymond's regiment, stationed at Magny le Sec. The colonel was at the depôt at St. Juvin, some half-dozen leagues distant.

"I have come to ask you a favor, Monsieur le Commandant," said the pretty little Vicomtesse, with one of her brightest smiles.

"Always at your service, Madame," returned

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"A sergeant; that's another affair. I told you a private could not be made an officer."

"What's the mighty difference between a private and a sergeant; neither are officers!" said Madame de Beaupré, with a charming scorn.

"Permit me, Madame;" and the commandant sat down to his desk and wrote diligently for five minutes; then he handed to his visitor a half sheet of paper, on which were about twenty lines written in a delicate feminine handwriting. "This will explain to you the rules of promotion in the service."

"But I can't read all that," she said, pushing away the paper. "The truth is, you don't wish to do it. Good day, Monsieur."

"But, my dear lady, you don't understand—"

"No, I can't be expected to understand military tactics; but I do understand that one ought to do a good-natured act when one can. My heart is set on getting this young man made an officer—it's for the sake of his mother and another person—it's very cruel of you!" and she turned away.

"What's the name of your protégé?" asked the commandant.

"Why should I tell you? perhaps you will be angry with him because I have disturbed you with your tiresome papers."

"Ah! Madame, you are cruel and unjust. I inquired, that I might see what could be done. If the young man is well conducted, he might be put on the list for promotion at the next general inspec-

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other explanation than that the Vicomtesse had gone to her cousin in Paris.

Madame de Tessin laughed heartily at what she called Madame de Beaupré's Quixotism. Any sort of enthusiasm is apt to excite ridicule; the common-place look down on your enthusiast from the calm regions of their intellectual opacity.

It was such a mere piece of romance, argued Madame de Tessin, it might be so easily misjudged; it would be so difficult to make any one believe that such excessive interest could be excited for the friends of a *governess.*

Thérèse laughed one of her long trilling laughs—a laugh sweet as that of a happy child. She said,—

"Well, you are right, *ma cousine;* you have really hit the mark. Truth is always best, so I will confess to you that I want to help this young man because he saved my dog; he does deserve some reward for that, doesn't he?"

"Give him money."

"I would, willingly; but the way to make him accept it?"

"Not accept it! I wonder what the world is coming to when such *petites gens* permit themselves irs of nobility?" said Madame la Comtesse de essin, with a shudder.

Before noon next day, Madame de Beaupré drove the Faubourg St. Germain, to visit the Comte 'sbryat, *General en retraite.*

he moment you entered the Hotel d'Esbryat perceived that you had left modern times for

hood to her age, and asked if she had come to settle in Paris, assuring her of his willingness to act the part of her guardian and father.

What had seemed to her the easiest thing to do at Magny le Sec, now greatly embarrassed the little Vicomtesse. All at once the motive of her visit seemed to her absurd; and truth to say, she began herself to wonder at her enthusiasm of the last couple of days.

She had already finished breakfast before she had courage to broach the subject of the soldier's promotion.

"I am going to make a confession to you, my cousin," she began, turning away to hide the flushing of her face. "I have undertaken to do something, and I have set my heart on succeeding; but unless you help me, I am sure I shall fail."

"An alarming exordium. What is it? a place at court for yourself, *ma chère*, or a *bureau de tabac* for your waiting-woman?"

"No, no. I want to get a young soldier promoted."

"Ah!"

"Yes, I want to have him made an officer."

"Let us understand one another, dear lady; you wish some brave and excellent captain or major, some young hero, to get a step; that is it, is it not?"

"Not at all, my cousin. I am speaking only of a common soldier; and what I am come to beg you to do, is to have him made an officer, that's all."

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"It very nearly killed his poor mother," said Thérèse, in a tone of indignation.

"I suppose many mothers in France have been in the same predicament," observed the Comte, calmly. "If this young man has been in any battle, he has probably got a medal. If you knew a little more about your protégé's history, it would be easier to gratify you. How would you have me interfere in his behalf without one good reason to give, except, indeed, that the pretty Vicomtesse de Beaupré wills that I should do so."

"Then you will do something?" and Thérèse's face was illuminated by pleasure into perfect beauty.

"I suppose I must," replied M. d'Esbryat, looking at her, and suppressing a sigh. Is it possible for the most reasonable among us not to regret our vanished youth, and all that youth permits us to hope.

"You are the dearest of cousins," and Thérèse seized one of the Comte's thin white hands and kissed it. The poor gentleman was more mortified than pleased by the caress.

"I count for nothing more than an old woman with her," thought he. However, he said kindly, "Don't be too sure of my obtaining what you wish; all I can promise is to try. Get me a distinct account of the young man's age, time of service, and the character his superiors give him."

"But if I have to do that, he will know that I am trying to help him, and that's what I don't wish."

"I cannot understand why you should make any mystery of what you are doing."

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be made sergeant-major immediately, and his name transferred from the second to the first class. He therefore enclosed a note for Monsieur de Cuzensac, the General of Inspection for the department of which Magny le Sec is a *chef lieu*. It would be worth while to interest M. de Cuzensac, and a lady such as Madame de Beaupré would do this more effectually than a greybeard like her humble and devoted servant and friend Raoul d'Esbryat.

There were two lines of postscript—"Madame de Beaupré would do well to have a chaperone with her on her visit to M. de Cuzensac."

Madame de Beaupré paid no attention to this last recommendation. She rung for her maid, and after using every means to be as pretty as possible, set off alone to seek an interview with the hero represented as so redoubtable.

Arrived at the address on Monsieur d'Esbryat's letter, she sent it in with one of her own cards. In less than five minutes a valet, with the air of a minister of state, came to conduct her into the General's presence.

A dapper little old man, dressed to perfection, came running up to her as if about to embrace her.

"Delighted to accede to all Madame's wishes. She had only to lay her commands on him. She should be obeyed."

While saying this, M. de Cuzensac had taken both her hands in his. She began her story, but the General's eyes were so impertinent, that in spite of her pride her voice shook.

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(feminine tact avoided the word daughter), "would you wish me to act otherwise?"

"H'm—h-m."

She took hold of his two hands. "It's so nice to be kind and do good. You will be good and kind!" The lovely face all aglow with mingled anxiety and modesty, *was* very fascinating.

"You little witch," he said. "Give me a kiss, and I promise to be what you call good and kind."

"You promise on your honor?" she asked.

"I promise."

She held up her cheek.

"Go away with you while it is time." She was obeying with alacrity when he ran after her.

"When I come to Magny le Sec, I shall claim another payment in the same coin, or I'll put that confounded fellow's name last on the list."

"Value for value," she answered as she jumped into the carriage. The moment she had driven off, how she did rub her face—almost took the skin off her cheeks.

"I wonder," she soliloquized, "if this is what all women have to go through who go begging for their brothers' and husbands' promotion. And to think I have done it for a stranger. I sha'n't be able to bear my own face till I believe all the skin of it is changed. I should like to know what Miss Power would have done had she been in my place."

At the thought of that demure Christian receiving a declaration from General de Cuzensac, Thérèse, though all alone, burst out into a rihging laugh.

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pers. One acquaintance said to the other, "I tell it only to *you*—it's not a thing to talk about;" and then everybody smiled on Madame de Beaupré, as if they had not just before given her a *coup de langue.*

April was now at hand, bringing with it fair promises of flowers and fruits, and of the general inspection of the troops of the department.

M. de Cuzensac had arrived at Magny; and, coincident with the review, Madame de Beaupré gave a great dinner, the first she had ventured on since the death of M. de Beaupré.

General de Cuzensac sat on her right hand, and the Colonel of the 101st on her left; and such were the General's attentions that every one inquired if he had a wife? Yes, there was a Madame de Cuzensac—poor woman! What would the Magny public have said had they known that when the General gave Madame Thérèse one piece of news, she kept the promise he had exacted in Paris? She did so as she took him in her pretty blue *coupé* to the station.

It was about a fortnight later that Madame de Beaupré sent for Miss Power to the small salon opening into the garden.

"I have something pleasant to tell you, Mademoiselle," said the Vicomtesse, her face as radiant as the bright blue of the sky on that April morning. "Read for yourself," and she put the *Moniteur* into the governess's hand, pointing to the paragraph which announced that Raymond

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nacity of memory, in one so volatile, impressed Miss Power with an undefinable dread, and yielding to this sensation, she answered, "Pardon my frankness, Madame; but I am sure it would be better not to invite Raymond."

"And why not, Mademoiselle?"

"Where there is neither equality of fortune nor position, intercourse cannot be agreeable."

"In France we have not such aristocratical prejudices," said Madame de Beaupré; "but perhaps you have some other reason?"

"None but the one I have given," said Christian, coldly.

"In that case, I shall send the invitation. I really should be glad of an opportunity of thanking M. Savoisy for what he did for Angelo."

Christian made no further reply; but she had determined to try and prevent Raymond's accepting the invitation.

There is a Protestant chapel at Magny le Sec, and every Sunday Christian and Raymond met at morning and evening service. The congregation were not behind their Catholic brethren in curiosity, and had already come at the knowledge of Miss Power being intimately acquainted with young Savoisy's family. On this fact they built a certainty that Raymond and Christian would undoubtedly marry as soon as circumstances permitted.

Having thus decided, the wives of the members of the Presbytery—that is, Madame Bischoff, the

shoemaker's lady, and Madame Jolly, of the c
shop—took Miss Power under their protection, p
enabled her, without offending French proprieti
to have an interview with Raymond once a wee
Christian had seen fit, for reasons of her own, t
decline his visits at Tremerens House. She had
said so decidedly, "It would not do," there
made no remonstrance. He had

Madame de Beaupré kept her word, in spite of
the governess's expostulations. Ere Sub
Savoisy's gold epaulette was a week
ceived a card for a *soirée dansante*.

"It's just the last society your father a
would like you to frequent—frivolous
less," urged Christian, when she saw h
Sunday after the invitation.

"It can't matter much my accepting o
confess I have a curiosity to see how I sh
among ladies and gentlemen. I must
learn the ways of polite society now th
stored to it. Don't you see, Christian?

No, Christian did not see the necess
did not say so. She had better have
take their course, given no advice; not
us like to go anywhere so much as the
we had better stay away.

Never had Madame de Beaupré been
to please as to her hair and her dress
particular party. She had thought so
this Raymond Savoisy for weeks past,
come to care as to the impression she

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on him. She overthrew all the elaborate fabric her maid had so arduously raised on her head. "She would have nothing in her hair."

"Madame, then, would look like a demoiselle *à marier*."

"Give me the diamond earrings and brooch. How do you think I look, Mademoiselle?" asked the Vicomtesse, as she and Miss Power stood waiting the arrival of the first guests.

"Your dress is very becoming, Madame."

"Making my looks depend on my dress! Ah, Mademoiselle, you will never spoil me by flattery."

"No, Madame."

"But it is very pleasant to be flattered. I like it, even though I know it is flattery."

"If you raise your eyes to the glass, Madame, you will not need that my rough tongue should compliment you."

Madame de Beaupré did involuntarily look at the reflection of herself in the great mirror in front of them, and marking the contrast between herself and her governess, blushed, saying,—

"You take as much trouble to disfigure yourself as I do to set myself off to the best advantage. If you would only allow Justine to do your hair, you would be pretty. I am sure you would; you have a nice nose and eyes."

"Why should I care, if people only like me for my appearance; I have no ambition for their liking. Here are some ladies, Madame."

"Ah! my dear lady—*chère* Madame, how lovely

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you are this evening," was said to Madame Beaupré by every one of her lady guests in succession, their eyes glancing in every direction of admiration for themselves. One of the "oppositions of race" between French and English is the faculty Frenchwomen, with the funds to go upon, have of looking pretty. Englishwoman, aware of her want of personal attractions, resigns herself, wears her hair clothes anyhow, and makes herself an "object and skins, fights nature, wins, turns herself out *bien* or *charmante*—at the least *gentille*. A Frenchwoman, with the most ineligible It precious gift they have.

The first scrape of the fiddle-sticks of Joannot le Sec band (Joannot was the *Musard* of Magny) came had given the signal for the commencement on the dancing, as the commandant of the 101st Regiment accompanied by another officer. Madame was Beaupré, whose eyes had kept a strict watch door, knew at once that the younger man had been mond Savoisy. Up to that moment she had doubtful whether Miss Power might not have suaded him to neglect her invitation, and the of had piqued her into a wish for his presence. did now what she had done for none other steps guests; she went forward two or three steps meet the new arrivals.

There is always a peculiar interest in the first meeting of two persons who have heard much of one another; a great curiosity to discover whether

the features and persons agree with the idea each has formed of the other's character.

Madame de Beaupré had pictured to herself Raymond with the exterior of the martyr Miss Power had called him. She expected him to be tall, slight, pale, with blue eyes and chestnut hair, a semi-diaphanous individual, such as the St. Stephen of the chapel of the Visitandines, where she had been brought up. Instead of which, the young man was the type of a southern; black-haired, black-eyed, eyes that had flames in them; with a complexion as brown as a nut, of middle height, strongly rather than elegantly made.

And to think how she had scolded the commandant, coaxed M. d'Esbryat, and bribed General de Cuzensac, for such an everyday sort of a man. She put up her lip as Bertha did when disappointed, and smiled, as she saw this ex-hero of her romance seek Christian's side, at the thought of how women make gods out of any materials.

It was because she had expected something entirely different that Madame de Beaupré was disappointed in Raymond's appearance. If not critically handsome, he had one of those faces which are a letter of recommendation. Impossible to imagine that envy, malice, or uncharitableness could lurk behind those frank, open eyes! Ah! Madame de Beaupré, wait till you have seen the sous-lieutenant smile, and till you have heard him laugh. Only a man with a good honest genial nature could have such a pleasant cheery laugh.

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The impression Madame de Beaupré made
Raymond was quite other from that he had pr
duced on her. He had expected to find a prett
woman, such as one meets every day; coquettish
well-dressed, with the undefinable grace which b
longs to Frenchwomen as a rule. Instead of thi
he found himself examining a face, with prett
features certainly, but which attract by a som
thing enigmatical, a something of a disagreemen
or of a double character in the expression.

Most people saw nothing more in Madame
Beaupré than a pretty capricious woman, just
there are people who can hear nothing but co
fusion in a symphony of Beethoven.

Raymond Savoisy, born with a richness of i
agination which might have made him dist
guished in the career of art, at once perceived t
contradiction, the character of duality in the fa
of his hostess. The eyes, deep and liquid, h
much of the seeking and curiosity you may rema
in those of a young girl; the expression of t
mouth was not youthful; it was that which a paint
would give if delineating one who has experienc
of the eternal irony which accompanies all th
things of this world, of the mismatching, of th
gulf between appearance and reality. Christian
noticing Raymond's fixed gaze, said,—

"You think Madame de Beaupré very pretty?"

"Yes. A countenance full of contradictions."

"In what way?"

"Well, not one of those faces which make you

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say at once that the person to whom it belongs is good or bad, gentle or violent, or clever or stupid. How old is she?"

"Twenty-four or twenty-five. But she looks younger."

"I am not sure of that."

As Raymond's eyes followed Madame de Beaupré's, so occasionally he found hers turned towards his. At last, drawn by natural magic, she came up to him. "Don't you dance, Monsieur Savoisy?"

"Madame, I never learned."

A look of amusement came into her face as she said, "But Protestants *do* dance. I have seen English people waltz and polka a whole night."

"My father disapproved of dancing," answered Raymond, meeting her laughing eyes calmly. He had risen when she first addressed him. She now took his seat, clearly intending to continue the conversation.

"Why does Monsieur votre père disapprove? I consider dancing as a preventive of scandal. When people are whirling about they can't talk."

"True; but they can feel."

"What?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

He colored slightly as he answered, "My father likened dancing to intoxication."

"Then intoxication is pleasanter than I thought; for waltzing, with a good partner and good music, is charming. Listen." The band had begun to play one of Jules Frankomme's waltzes. "Doesn't that make you long to dance? You know I owe

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you a good deal of gratitude. S
to offer to teach you to waltz as p
debt."

The tone of voice was that of a
the eyes were full of archness as s
him. Christian could have beaten
Raymond smiled also, but he sho
"Immovable, I see." Then in a
Miss Power, she said, "I told you
martyrs, and I don't."

Away went the defeated little
white draperies floating and swellin
a fleecy cloud. In another minute s
round the room with the Substitute o
Imperial. Every time she passed
Raymond she smiled.

"Shall I be expected to call here
mond, after a long silence.

"You must certainly leave a card.

"Shall I see you if I come?"

"I never go to the salon on her re

"But, I suppose, you might if you

"Certainly. She begged me to do

"Then make use of the permission

"Perhaps."

When Raymond was making his
Madame de Beaupré said, graciousl
receive on Wednesday evenings, and
after vespers."

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CHAPTER VII.

AMOR CHE A NULLO AMATO, AMAR PERDONA.

M. RAYMOND SAVOISY was Madame de Beaupré's earliest visitor on the Sunday after her soirée. He found her in the salon alone with Angelo. As for any ceremonious reception, the little dog rendered that impossible. It barked and whimpered, shrieked and gasped, twisting and untwisting its small body, so that there was no telling which was its head or its tail, in actual convulsions of joy at the sight of its preserver.

Madame de Beaupré and Savoisy both stooped at the same moment to lift up the little creature. "I give him up to you," said the lady, withdrawing her hands; and Angelo thereupon sprang into the sous-lieutenant's arms with a cry of joy, almost human.

"You won't refuse my thanks also," said Madame de Beaupré, as soon as she could make herself heard. "It was a heroic act—oh! yes, it was," she added, impetuously, seeing him smile. "How many of the men who come here would have run the risk, do you think, of even a wet coat to save a poor little dog from drowning. If you won't let me teach you to dance, you must allow me to be grateful."

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Madame de Beaupré's voice alone, when she pleased, made conquests. Even the Demoiselles de Tremerens succumbed to its liquid suave tones. It sometimes conjured the demon of severity out of them. Always clear and musical, it took, as she spoke to Raymond, certain inflections that went straight to his heart.

The gentle sex like strength of every kind; above all, the strength of will capable of resisting and governing them. They are said, indeed, never truly to love a man of whom they are not a little afraid, and are equally proud to obey as to dominate strength. Madame de Beaupré instinctively felt that the young officer was capable of withstanding her, and her manner involuntarily assumed an unusual softness. At that moment her better se had the upper hand. The expression of ir about the mouth had disappeared—eyes and were in pretty agreement. Raymond Savois character had triumphed. Believe it or not, cha acter makes itself felt almost instantaneously. Th truthful and frank make those brought into contac with them for a time truthful and frank.

"I will send and let Miss Power know you are here," said Madame de Beaupré, when they had exhausted the subject of Angelo. "I wish to make Mademoiselle as comfortable as I can, and so I hope you will come very often to see us. She is making my little girl so good. You know I have a little girl, or rather a big girl of six." Raymond did not seem the least surprised to

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hear Mademoiselle Bertha's age. He did not say, as Madame de Beaupré was accustomed to hear from all her male acquaintance, that this was a remarkable fact, considering who was the mother.

"I wonder if he takes me for older than I am," was what passed through Madame de Beaupré's mind.

When Christian appeared in obedience to the summons she had received, she found Raymond, with Angelo curled into a ball on his knee, seated near Madame de Beaupré, giving her an account of what he did in the day.

"Had the Vicomtesse asked this of him, or had he volunteered it?" was a question Christian put to herself. She had that susceptibility we most of us have, as to the friends we have introduced, and have greatly praised. She need have had no fear as to Raymond anywhere, even at court. Though his conversation did not sparkle with wit, every word he uttered had that charm of *naiveté* peculiar to the sincere and pure-hearted.

He made the mistakes, nevertheless, which persons with little habit of the world are apt to make. He would talk to Christian in spite of her efforts to prevent him, of news from Nismes, which was as intelligible to the lady of the house as would have been a discourse on military tactics.

Had the little Vicomtesse owned to her private sentiments after Raymond's departure, she would have confessed to being disappointed. She really believed Monsieur Savoisy considered her quite an

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old woman, all because she had been married, but that, she was Bertha's mamma. It could only be that, if he used his eyes he might perceive Miss Power younger—a great deal younger than they were. She returned to her first supposition that put on her lovers, and deeply regretted having put on her lovely mauve muslin for a blind man.

In all places, big and small, the majorities are imitators. Madame Martaud had met the lieutenant at Madame de Beaupré's soirée, Madame Blanchard and others. He was before, asked to their parties also. Besides, versions of his story got about, and shortly invested with the honors of a hero of Many pairs of bright eyes welcomed him a score, at least, of red lips smiled on pleased and interested all these women to honestly he took their coquettish advantage kindliness. *Il est si bon enfant, cœur comme un ange* was how they spoke of forthwith tried their utmost to change him imp of vanity and selfishness.

He and Madame de Beaupré met constantly on many occasions they did not exchange She would have had a right to suppose the one beauty of the society least appreciated young officer so suddenly become the Magny le Sec. He paid her none of tions which men of all ages so gladly pay women. He went even further than neglect accident or *her* will took her to the pretty salon

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where he was, five minutes afterwards he had changed his place. He had ceased to appear on her reception days, and had missed so many of her evenings that she could not but understand that he avoided her willfully.

She asked herself "Why?"

On her side she never joined in the praises so lavished on the young officer; if forced to speak of him, she did so of a person indifferent to her.

It was at this period that Justine constantly complained in the servants' hall that Madame's temper had become as uncertain as a weather-cock. And oh! *Dieu de Dieu!* she was so difficult about her hair and her dress. One day she would be like a nun, and the next . . . . . Dame! it was *assomant.*

Mademoiselle Justine did not understand it, not she, but often Madame came home from parties white as a ghost, when she had gone away bright as summer. She would sit, too, with her hands on her lap, and never seem to know that she was having her hair brushed—never say a word about the other ladies as she used to do. She was quite lost in her mind like.

Others besides Justine had reason to complain of Madame de Beaupré's capricious moods. At times even affectionate to Christian, at others she would address her in a mocking staccato voice, that would have tried the temper of an angel.

As for Raymond, when they met, and strange to say they did so constantly, she turned her back

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on him, vouchsafing him neither v
Their oddly-commenced acquaint
ance, was drawing to an end.

Raymond had conscientious
taken every means to arrive a
Love does not wait on judgm
it. Love comes like the wi
whence; alas! it goes we k
some it grows as slowly as
with others it arrives at a
poor Jack's bean.

Raymond had been st
thunderbolt. The very fi
Beaupré had been suffici
her—hair, eyes, mouth,
sitting, standing, movin
for him.

When he made the disc
her night and day, in fac
her, it was to acknowledg
very last women he ought
the very last he could or s
fortune, station, were three
between them. He had a
father's and mother's disap
riages. He did what he cou
most of us do. He controlle
heart made such an obstinate
last to come to a compromise
though he avoided Tremerens H
where else where there was a ch

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idol. *To see her*, was the one favorable clause he had granted to the enemy within the citadel. The joy of the presence of the one loved, who has not felt it!—and the yearnings, the impatiences, the mortal ennui, the heart-sicknesses, that follow! It does not help us much, rather it does not help us at all, to be assured that others have endured the same suffering and survived. Besides, suffering cannot be measured, it depends on the nature of the individual—an earthquake to one is merely a little shaking to another. The heart is deceitful, always has been so, and probably always will be so. Raymond's had as little guile as is compatible with human nature, still it played the hypocrite when it comforted him by assurances that no harm had been done to any one but himself. There is a strange reciprocity of feeling between all living creatures. Do two people who love one another ever remain ignorant of each other's sentiments, let them take ever such sincere precautions to keep their secret?

Close to Magny le Sec are the Massonges woods, covering the sides of two rounded hills, divided by a green valley, so narrow it might more justly be called a ravine. Zig-zag paths traverse the wood in every direction, making the ascent or descent tolerably easy. The pride of the proprietor, who is no other than our little Vicomtesse, is a broad, smooth walk, such as you see in royal gardens.

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AMOR CHE A NULLO AMATO, AM

This alley is bordered by tall li
ant chequered shade in the hc
flowers perfuming, not oppres
is a majestic beech, its lor
forming an impervious roof
noble trunk.

To the right of the road
town, is a so-called châle
—very picturesque, and t
rooms on a summer day—
rustic banqueting-room
seen many of the frolics
Beaupré and her *bande*
ever, she had given no

Nothing that high an
as going to the "wood
three hot months of th
of any number, varyir
twenty and thirty, car
one or other of the p
Magny le Sec. The gre
gardens or woods, as i
ments of work-people o
similar. Steady matrons
girls and young men pla
"blind man's buff," or
ladies, *comme il faut*, rom
Les jeunes femmes, such a
de Beaupré and her intimat
the pastimes of their inferio
y pense is their device.

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No more lovely demesne near Magny than that of Massonge; but it had one crying disadvantage—the public had the right of way through the valley, rendering the châlet and the beech-walk anything but private. All the wedding-parties picnicked in the Massonge woods; very often when the Vicomtesse drove up, she found a riotous set of individuals at table. She had, therefore, come to the resolution of building another châlet higher up, and out of sight of the high road.

One fine morning, in early August, just when trees and vineyards begin to clothe themselves in soft purple tints, Madame de Beaupré gave M. Coigne, the architect, a rendezvous at Massonge.

She took Christian, Bertha, and Justine in the carriage with her. The chef and a basket of comestibles were on the box with the coachman. M. Coigne would expect at least a breakfast *à la fourchette.* As they were driving over the old bridge by which you leave Magny le Sec, Madame de Beaupré was struck by the effect of the sun on the river. She said,—

"I never thought there was any beauty in Magny before. What a pity the sun does not always shine!"

"The contrast of cloudy skies makes us appreciate fine days more," observed Miss Power, rather sententiously.

"That's a discovery of the English to reconcile themselves to their abominable climate," said Madame de Beaupré, in her most staccato tone, and

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effectually closed the conversation. She and she knew she was cross. She could but for shame, what Bertha often did, "I be good, but I can't."

The whole of the drive the Vicomtesse looking up and down the road as they go Miss Power imagined some one was expected. a soul, however, was to be seen till they rea the châlet, where they found the old architect ing for them.

"We had better go on our search, Madam Vicomtesse, before the sun gets too powerful, said.

"It's all the same to me," she answered, a a tone that made M. Coigne glance inquiring her face.

Justine and Bertha were desired to go t beech-tree, the chef to prepare the mid-day then Madame de Beaupré announced that sh ready to follow M. Coigne's lead.

It is not given to every one to enjoy Nat have their vexation or their *ennui* charmed them by watching the alternations of ligh shade on leaves, by the dancing shadows of v branches, or by glimpses of the blue of the ment caught through the leafy top of some tree. Madame de Beaupré saw nothing of shadow; from time to time she broke fort little pettish exclamations at the heat, at the ness of the road, at some vixenish little roun ble which nearly made her fall.

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"Suppose we give it up for to-day!" said M. Coigne, soothingly; "it *is* very hot, very steep; I never knew more oppressive weather."

But no, the Vicomtesse would go on.

Half-way up one of the hills, a vista has been cut, to allow of a view of Magny. As our trio came in sight of the convenient seat placed there, they perceived it was occupied.

"Very tiresome," muttered Madame de Beaupré, who was a little short-sighted. The next moment she turned away her face, lest her companions should see the treacherous flush which so suddenly suffused it.

"Ah! it is M. Savoisy, almost my colleague," exclaimed M. Coigne. "A happy chance, Madame; my young friend will give us his advice."

Raymond took off his hat, and, according to a French custom, did not replace it after his preliminary bow. He looked strikingly handsome, as he stood, bareheaded, in the blaze of light before the advancing party. There was something of a kingly grace in the courtesy of his attitude. Madame de Beaupré tried to return his salutation with frigid propriety, but a soft happy smile stole over her face.

Christian was so busy watching the countenances of the lady and gentleman, she scarcely returned Raymond's greeting. He had been sketching; his book had fallen on the ground. Old M. Coigne picked it up, and, showing the drawing to the Vicomtesse, exclaimed, "Here's the man to make you a design for your châlet."

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"I did not know you drew, M. S
Madame de Beaupré, and her voice ha
silver tones; her features had relaxe
different creature from what she had l
utes before. "Oh! pray, put on y
Savoisy; I am afraid we have distur
won't matter if we rest here a littl
won't spoil your drawing."

Raymond stammered some words i
was so startled by the unexpectedness
view, so subdued by the smile and voic
lady, that he scarcely knew if he were
his feet or head. In such a case, a pers
no further than his nose is a blessing
Coigne seized the supremacy of the c
assured Madame de Beaupré that his c
friend was honored and made happy
ence and approbation, in a paternal
Raymond sit on the bank or the grass,
no room for him on the bench. Thanks to
everybody began to feel more at ease; l

"Would this not be exactly the s
châlet?"

"Quite," replied Madame de Beaupré.
surprised she had never before thought o

"A little higher up," Raymond said, "
some metres of flat ground, with a more
view, and a profusion of wild flowers, tha
lovely natural garden."

"But Madame dislikes going up hill,
Coigne.

"I think I had better see the spot M. Savoisy speaks of before deciding," observed Madame de Beaupré. All this time she had kept Raymond's album on her knee. "May I look at the other sketches, M. Savoisy?" and her words were spoken music.

"Ah!" thought Christian, "how can men ever judge women. Who would imagine this was the Vicomtesse of an hour ago!"

It was not hypocrisy, it was not art, it was joy that lent such a charm to Madame de Beaupré's tones. She turned over the leaves of the drawing-book, asking for information about each separate sketch, which obliged him to draw near her. The same female head had appeared on different pages; but Madame de Beaupré asked no questions about the original.

"A market girl," volunteered Raymond, "whom I used to see under my window all the while we were stationed at ———; I heard that her mother was a Circassian."

M. Coigne took out his watch several times during the never-ending examination of the sketch-book. M. Coigne was not a good listener; he avowed it; "it tired him far more to listen than to speak." At last he declared he was obliged to be in Magny by a certain hour.

"Oh! dear; and the breakfast, I had forgotten all about it," exclaimed Madame de Beaupré ruthfully; "will you show us the way to the place you spoke of, M. Savoisy?"

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This time no one heard a w
from the Vicomtesse's lips. She
if she were walking on air; a mur
was on her lips.

She gave a cry of delight when th
bit of table-land Raymond had
"Here, oh! yes here she would have t
M. Coigne took a pinch of snuff, and
"It was very high, very much exp
and wind."

"Not more so than many houses in Sw
said Raymond.

"Certainly not," affirmed Madame de
"and it could be built quite in the Sw
with overhanging eaves and an outside
and stones on the roof."

"And water! it will have always to be
up," objected M. Coigne.

"We can have a donkey to do that.
yes, M. Coigne, here must and shall be t
châlet. Please to make the plan, but no
objections."

"Suppose Madame la Vicomtesse were t
M. Savoisy to give her a design."

"Would you be so very kind, M. Savois
she said, with a bewitching face.

"I am always at your orders, Madame."

"Not true," she said; but so low that the word
only reached his ears.

A cloud came over his face, and he went and

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joined Christian, who was gathering a bouquet of wild flowers.

M. Coigne, who was *au fait* of all the gossip that made the round of the town, ventured to allude to the report current of an intended marriage between those he designated by a motion of his head.

"I know nothing of Mademoiselle's private affairs," was the answer in a haughty voice.

Things are rarely what they seem; but if ever man was justified in supposing two people were betrothed, it was M. Coigne, as he watched Raymond helping Christian to gather flowers.

Christian had been meditating on what every glance of Raymond's eye, every gesture, every tone of his voice revealed. She was less sure of the sincerity of Madame de Beaupré's feelings; but if they were sincere . . . Folly that must end in misery, thought the Englishwoman.

"Take my advice, Raymond," she said, as he came to her side, "buy a pair of spectacles, or else you will stumble into some pitfall." Of course Christian believed herself quite dispassionate. We always do, just when our words are dictated by some secret irritation of feeling.

"I bought the spectacles you recommend some time ago," was his answer; and then they both lapsed into silence, she wishing with all her heart she had left her advice unspoken.

"Au revoir," shouted M. Coigne, and then they

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perceived that M
go down the hill
M. Coigne, who v
her. "Run afte
said to Raymon
alone. Trust Ma
"Will you do
Madame?" said
the Vicomtesse.
"Thank you;
The little roun
defensive, and
When she had
Raymond said a
"Do me the h
A moment's he
into his face throu
put her hand wit
until there was
tightened; the sr
to his side. She s
the emotion in h
thing, but there w
and love mingled
"You were cru
words just now.
thing you wish;
obstacles Providen
"I was in joke,"
give me," and the
his arm, till it slipp

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He grasped it and held it until they came in sight of the châlet, and Bertha, and the chef.

"You will come and breakfast with us?" she asked.

"Not to-day, thank you." He lifted his hat and was out of sight the next minute.

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NEVER had Mad
plexed as after th
with Raymond. I
pleased or vexed;
her feelings. No
plex. She could n
sorry; both perha
succeeded by a de
to that discomfort
acted on some imp
prepared to accept
of that vague ur
have never loved.
Memory, too, wa
recalling the mise
friends, whose love
stone to fortune, ar
had been thrown as
as a sucked orange.
rending consequence
until reason fled; wl
respected, preached n
Church from the tri
Deputies.

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Madame de Beaupré, so remembering, relapsed into that dryness of soul which had been habitual to her during Monsieur de Beaupré's lifetime.

And Raymond—he was in his lodging, seated before an open bureau. That bureau was a small museum of relics. Dear reader, do not laugh. In the right-hand pigeon-hole was a bow of faded ribbon; it had fallen from Madame de Beaupré's dress; all her notes of invitation—such a droll scrambling hand she wrote; there were—(I beg indulgence for the truth,)—there were some crumbs of cake, which the beloved hand had let drop. Love is very child-like: it gives, nay, it restores to those who may have lost it, simplicity of heart. The roughest hind, under the influence of a true passion, will speak words that shall bring tears more surely to your eyes, than all the art of a poet.

Raymond loved Madame de Beaupré with all his being, loved her without hope, knowing that to-morrow, as to-day, there was no chance of their lives mingling in a union blessed by God and man. There are sufferings which are dear to us. There is a joy in resistance to our passions, in self-mastery, in placing our happiness higher than in self-gratification. Let no one doubt that there is a joy in loving without seeking love's recompense. Perhaps there is no earthly joy which equals the serving one we love without hire.

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We can none of us so isolate ourselves in
world that others shall not interfere with the r
we have laid down for our lives. Raymond
imagined he might love, if hopelessly, at least w
out disturbance.

But Christian Power carried on a regular
respondence with the Pasteur Savoisy and his
—not a conventional correspondence, but one
had all the fullness of a journal. Now, do
one will, letters always imbibe and reveal muc
the real state of our opinions and feelings a
moment of their being penned. Being sorr
or displeased, elate or depressed, strive to w
letter that shall not betray the dominant co
of your mind or heart, and in spite of yo
endeavors you will fail. Christian had
settled intention of alarming Madame Savo
yet Madame Savoisy was made uneasy.

"Christian disapproves of Raymond's i
in Madame de Beaupré's house," said the p
wife.

"I could trust Raymond anywhere; t
seven years have given us proof of his stead
was the answer.

"If he were among Protestants, I should h
fears; but these Catholic women! they h
notion how to take care of themselves; th
always trusting to their confessors."

"I don't quite follow your reasoning, my
said the pasteur. "Is Christian accusin
Catholic woman of turning Raymond's head

"Not in downright words, but I can feel that e is alarmed, and we know that that Vicomtesse hers is an arrant coquette, as they all are."

"As all who, my dear?"

"You understand me very well; it would break my heart if Raymond were to get entangled in any disgraceful flirtation."

"I should be grieved beyond measure if he should become seriously attached to a Catholic; as for entanglements and coquettes, that is out of the question with Raymond."

A sublime thing to hear one individual thus become surety for another's rectitude.

But a woman's intuition often puts a man's logic to shame. She jumps with marvelous precision to the right conclusion without any attention to preliminary steps. From the moment of reading Christian Power's last letter, Madame Savoisy knew that her son was in danger, and that the danger was Madame de Beaupré. Madame Savoisy was not a woman to fold her hands when there was something to do. She set to work at once with all he energy of a Protestant and a mother to find a leans of parrying the peril. She wrote to a Protant friend in Paris, married to the head partner a great stocking-weaving concern, to ask if she any acquaintances at Magny le Sec, which, as know, drives a thriving trade in stockings. stocking-weaver's lady knew of a Protestant who had just gone to settle at Magny, on of their eldest daughter having lately mar-

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ried a Protestant, appointed manager to one of subsidiary establishments of the firm of the writ husband. To be brief, Madame Savoisy asked friend to obtain information for her, whether or gossip connected Raymond's name with that of lady of Magny, and begged also that letters of troduction might be sent to Raymond for Mons Poplus and his son-in-law, Monsieur Gelinotte.

This accomplished, she wrote to her son exp ing her earnest desire that he would cultivate acquaintance of these two families. This ad she added, was dictated by a conviction that a able and friendly intercourse depended on eq of fortune and position, and, above all, on ment of opinion on the most important of a jects. There were, she knew, some rare exce to this rule, but it was universally allowe those who stepped out of their own sphere suffer for it.

Raymond understood very well at wh mother was sending her arrows; certainly he s obey her and improve the acquaintance of sieur Poplus and his son-in-law. But ther obedience would stop; the affections of his were his own; no slave but might cherish a for a queen.

It was in this disposition of mind that he pared for his introductory visit to Monsieur Po

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CHAPTER IX.

PROJECTS OF MARRIAGE.

THE Popluses were the superlative of commonplace people, exactly those whom the world, for reasons of its own, designate as "good." Wherever they went, the adjective "good" was prefixed to their singular name. *Ah, ces bons Poplus.* It cannot fail but that in course of time the prefix will become incorporated with the name proper, and France will possess the Bon Poplus, or even perhaps the Bons de Poplus.

> Roi ni prince je suis,
> Comte ne daigne
> *Bon de Poplus je Suis.*

Monsieur Poplus was a short, thick-set man, of one or two years above sixty. He wore his grey hair brushed up to a point in the center of his head. He had round eyes, bushy greyish eye-brows, a stumpy nose, a button-hole mouth. His moustache, waxed to a fine point, was still black. He took occasion to tell all new acquaintances that he owed this to the greater youth of his moustache, "twenty years younger, you know, than my hair," and the remark invested Monsieur Poplus with a title to wit, for he took infinite care not to explain that he

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had found the jest ready-made in one of his
ter's school-books.

In fact, it was word for word the answer
a ferryman to Henry the Fourth of France.

By-the-by, why should a white feather
come the synonym of poltroonery? Wa
white plume which that gallant French H
ried into the thickest of the fight, that he
known to friends and enemies?

To return to Monsieur Poplus.

Monsieur Poplus paid visits and taxe
exactitude. He went twice regularly
day to church, and each time put a
bag which receives the contributions o
gation for the poor, the widow, and
As his wife and his son-in-law, and his
unmarried daughters did as much, Mo
considered that he and they had do
towards clothing and feeding the
naked. Not only were they regular
but they went *en famille*—Madame
husband's arm, Mademoiselle Nathali
their side, Monsieur and Madame
their two boys behind. Monsieur P
on this hebdomadal procession; it lool
ble, *la famille* was a bulwark against re
and socialism—Monsieur Poplus was a
rialist. Talk to him, indeed, of self-
and parliaments. What his common
him was the best for the nation, for all n
a strong government, and there was n

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:ong government where you had to argue and ebate every question. No, no! despotism for him —liberty was license—the Emperor had the best head in the world; it was his business to keep the French and Europe in order.

It is a comfort to the weak and vacillating to feel themselves commanded; and in spite of his strong voice and bow-wow manner, Monsieur Poplus was without any back-bone in his mind.

Wherever and whenever it had been possible in and out of season, Monsieur Poplus had always cried *Vive l'Empereur*; and his tenacity, the obstinacy peculiar to mediocrity, had obtained its end. What had he ever done, except continually cry aloud, to obtain not only the red ribbon but the rosette of the Legion of Honor?

It had been the same with Poplus in all things; he had never seen anything in the world save his own interest; he had pursued that one end, and he had succeeded. Not once during his whole life had he known one of those enthusiasms for a cause or a person which leads a man to forget himself.

Everything about the Popluses pleased the crowd; they possessed the one only superiority before which the world willingly bends the knee—money.

Madame Poplus was the complement of her husband. If he had a strong martial way of speaking, she had a plaintive one; if he lorded it over the unsuccessful or the unfortunate, she had ready tears for them; if he was particular about his eating, she

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was a capital coo
potism, she kept h
high comedy to h
vantage how he w
in face, I never y
coaxed or tricked
thing." Such was

Madame Gelino
most French wom
keeper, alert, bustl
husband's affairs,
cation of her sons
Lycée, and bravely
tin of their lessons
tory.

It is the fashion
the wives of their
induced to forget t
mancers and poets
ceptional characters
honor to say that in
rule, respectably con
voted of mothers.

Quite so much ca
but there is no necess
convenances with wh
their wives, and socie

This was how the
luses came to be M
pretty fair example of
duct these matters.

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When Madame Poplus proposed M. Gelinotte as suitable husband, the young girl had answered, "It is for you and my father to decide. I leave my fate in your hands."

"But, my daughter, is there any repugnance on your side? You have seen the young man? Does his appearance please you?"

"I have never seen him, Mamma."

"Yes, my cherished, you met him the other day at Madame Chavelle's soirée."

"I did not remark him, Mamma."

It is a further fact that Madame Gelinotte, who was married the day fortnight after the proposal, when asked by one of her companions if she loved M. Gelinotte, answered, "Yes."

Very sensible and experienced people among the French assure you that they consider this system of marriage the only one possible for their nation.

Mademoiselle Nathalie was not quite such a well-regulated young person as her sister had been. She was a pretty girl of twenty-one at the moment of her introduction to Raymond Savoisy; as round as a quail, and as full of chatter as a swallow.

There was something redolent of revolt in Mademoiselle Nathalie. Madame Gelinotte had been brought up while M. Poplus was building up his fortune; Nathalie, ten years younger, when the prosperity of her family was assured. Nathalie had had music and drawing masters. Nathalie had once been to Dieppe during the season. Nathalie had eyes and ears, and through these

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mediums Nathalie
ter could not have
The Poplus' h
bœuf. The Faub
designated as a vi
and interests, and
of dispute with th
Magny le Sec
and Marbœuf dec
The Faubourg
noblesse, who ha
were employed at
administrations—
dred to two thous
Cheapness of hou
these officials, and
what they were in
ter of "comtes," "
bourg, and it was
titles that M. Popl
He had found a
price that would c
house in Magny.
ter air of the locali
his own part he sho
his club, but he had
—good air was so n
bon M. Poplus!
But Madame Ge
her boys wore out i
the Lycée.

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ıong the noble young ladies of the Faubourg, alie's nascent ideas developed into aspirations. d on't approve of Nathalie's constantly run- in and out of the neighbors' houses. She vs more than she ought. Fancy, my dear, she me the other day we did not do her justice— we ought to entertain more—to invite Madame Beaupré and her set, and to go to the Prefecture ées. I wish to heavens we could get her mar- , but how is it to be done? there are no Protes- ts here." This was what Madame Poplus said her daughter, Gelinotte, the morning before ymond's first visit.

M. Gelinotte and I wish she were married o," replied Madame Gelinotte; "but wishing is no use. What do you say to Gelinotte's inquir- g at Mulhouse?"

"So far off," returned the mother. "If this ɔung M. Savoisy were a lieutenant, he might ıswer. His family is very respectable."

"Poor, very poor. And Nathalie would not be ıe best of managers."

"No. But he is sure to rise, and by-and-by he ıight get a place in the taxes."

"Oh! mother, don't think of it. Nothing makes uch bad marriages as want of money."

"Ah! my dear, but a girl to marry is like a fire n the house."

Probably Madame Poplus had imparted her ideas n this subject to Monsieur Poplus, for he received aymond with explosive cordiality, called Madame

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Poplus from the k
from Monsieur le
that the sous-lieu
Nathalie's great fri
de Remy.

Madame Poplu
young man whilst
ame Savoisy's he
making of a son-in
terous as Nathalie
was nothing abou
ance to displease
Nathalie came
a certain embarra
"Ah! By-the
brother-in-law—h
a capon; can't get
found that out, ha
with me to-morr
shall have a bot
girl," pinching h
a song into the
know, but——.
'Patita, Patati,'"
bar from the "Dr
Raymond bowe
Monsieur Poplus,
put his daughter's
"You find it rath
or asked, Madame
"Not he. A you

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amusement wherever he goes," and the old hypocrite winked significantly to Raymond.

"While we were at Bordeaux, once, when papa was away for a month, mamma and I had forty-seven invitations, and twenty were for dinner," said Mademoiselle Nathalie, and all the circles that made up her face distended with a smile.

What could Raymond find to answer but an exclamation of astonishment.

"And here," went on Mademoiselle Nathalie, "we have not had, in six months, one invitation to dinner. The people in Marbœuf don't entertain, and living here, we are not asked in the town. I quite hate the place." Her little mouth, the very fac-simile of her father's, buttoned itself up so drolly, that Raymond laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" she went on. "Gentlemen never seem to think girls can be unhappy."

"I should regret very much to think any one so young and charming as you are were unhappy, but how can I believe it when I look at you!"

Madame Poplus thought the interchange of sentiment had gone far enough. She remembered her daughter Gelinotte's caution about the sous-lieutenant's poverty.

"A fine marriage Mademoiselle de Messart is making," interrupted the mamma. "M. Danel has twelve thousand francs a year (£440.)"

"But he has very bad health," observed Raymond; "threatened with a spine complaint."

"Threatened people live long, M. Savoisy, and

twelve thousand francs make up for a great dea
Stephanie de Messart is not in her first youth; sh
is twenty-four if she is a day."

"Twenty-five in a month, mamma," put in N
thalie. "Mademoiselle de Remy says Stephanie
quite radiant; she has got a beautiful diamond ri
for her engaged ring—a yellow diamond—and hea
of presents keep arriving."

"Well, child, that's natural enough where ther
money. Money can't make happiness, M. Savoi
but the want of it may mar happiness."

"I have seen some poor people happy, Madan
Madame Poplus shook her head disconsolatel

"Health and money, money and health, a
defy you to be unhappy," said Père Poplus.
know what it is not to have a hundred francs,
what it is to have them—a great difference.
tell a man who has money, and one who has
only by their way of walking; money makes
hold up his head; money makes him speak
mind to préfet or beggar."

"There's something else, luckily for me,
teaches men to hold up their heads," said Ra
laughing; adding, in answer to M. Poplus's,
inquiry, "Drill."

"Oh! certainly, certainly," said the s
Poplus; "besides, a fine young man like y
the world before him. I began with noth
may be a millionaire yet."

"I shall be satisfied with something l
Raymond took his leave.

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urning to the town, Raymond wall
m whence he knew there was a vie
remerens House. Fortune favore
figure in white was pacing up an
he garden-walks. He had a stron
, and could perfectly distinguish M
pré's every movement. A gr
his heart as he watched h
ps he would ever have
rations as those he had
on Poplus." Madame de Beaupré
an, with all a woman's generosity,
nces, and inconsistencies—warm-
noved, and without a taint of mean-
ed her more truly than those who
for years. To love a person is not
eived as to their character. Mad-
might do wrong; but her errors,
hanced to be, would proceed from
ent, not from narrowness of heart.
night have won her, had he dared
great love she had inspired; and
would have accepted that love.
ed as he thought how he had shown
avoidance in return for courtesy
ss. He was aware that it was her
d given him a place in the society
ut for her, he would have been as
when he was Sergeant Savoisy.
plus," whose acquaintance his mother
him so earnestly to cultivate, how

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I. Gustave Godard the chance
he Vicomtesse. He knew that
ıbstitut's manner was a clever
ıdness and tenderness; that he
ıtal, mystical in his nomencla-
modern apostles, priestesses of
ors, purer even in their greatest
e best of men."
his fair listeners believed him
with an admirable faith in them-
nd religion. There *is* something
g called an angel. Even that
de Beaupré was tickled by the
judiciously.
dard's scepticism on all points,
principally as regarded women,
dder at.
ıymond Savoisy detested Mon-
du Procureur Impérial, and the
eated near Madame de Beaupré
r, made the sous-lieutenant sav-
himself very egregiously when
d Monsieur Gustave been a bet-
have been resigned to know that
e Vicomtesse she was a "regen-
st sheep as he was.
upré instantly divined the want
en her two visitors. There is
pathetic in the way women strive
al male spirits who meet by ill-
ng-room. And the injustice of

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an's judgment of t
arent than in such
f the individual wh
So deuced polite,"
fellow," are the se
pacificatress.

Every opinion giv
Raymond; the war
Mexico, were warmly
ing both as noble,
would redound to t
promoter to the end
them as signal follies

"I hate war, but I
diers," said Madame

"Bravery! All m
be so," said Godard;
temples to a god of t
courage we call it, b
with the beasts of the

"I can't argue the
Beaupré, "but whenev
of our great battles, n
heart beats, beats," her
to Raymond; then sh
sumed sprightliness, "
thing pleasanter. Do y
we are actually going
Mademoiselle Delaporte
an advance for Magny!
consecrated word for char

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I saw the play-bills as I came from the Fa
arg," answered Raymond, dryly.
"Mademoiselle Delaporte is transcendant as
Capeline bleue,'" said Godard; "literally over
helming in the scene where Camille comes in an
nds her hanging over her child; it is when the
oy recovers consciousness and calls him papa that
e makes her a proposal of marriage, and hears her
story."

"A situation that would kill any man who really loved her," said Raymond. "Any man I mean who had not a coarse nature."

"I differ from you entirely," said Godard. "Only a man of the most refined feeling, one who could distinguish between vice and misfortune, would have acted as Camille did."

"This 'Capeline bleue,' nevertheless had passed several years living comfortably on the pension furnished her by her child's father. At twenty-five, with the experience that the world and time give, it yet required Madame Aubray's remonstrances to awaken her to a consciousness of the degradation of her position," said Raymond.

"For my part, I don't see that the 'Capeline bleue' was a bit worse than a young lady who goes before the maire and the priest in obedience to her parents. The 'Capeline bleue' obeyed her parents, and I see no reason why she should not have been considered as a widow."

"I protest against such a comparison," said Raymond, his eyes in a blaze.

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"Public opinion is against you
has approved the conclusion."

"Submitted to it," retorted R
am confident that not one person
ing but was revolted by that conc
hero been as delicate-minded as t
us to believe, such a marriage
Separation—death—were the only
a situation; there is no out-reas
down by our own hearts. Victor
truth when he makes Didier say to
'Let me die; I shall play the spy—
a thousand thoughts of the past
wretched. Let me die.' The most
cannot disentangle certain complicat

Raymond's animation and indig
him; there was no doubting that
spoke.

Gustave rose, and addressing Mad
pré cavalierly enough, said, "Well,
may I still hope for your commands to
for to-morrow evening, or has M. S
quence prevailed against me?"

"Oh, dear no! I always like to do
ple advise me against. If it will not be
too much trouble, pray secure me a box

"Trouble? quite the contrary; and
went on Gustave, "that with your exce
and your generous feelings you will
Madame Aubray, and be one of the wa
porters of the 'Capeline bleue.' Won

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sion than the rehabilitation of her sex,
never so much an angel as when raising
" With a sweeping bow the Substitut
oom, well satisfied with his peroration,
nced that Madame de Beaupré was also.
nseiur Godard passed through the door,
de Beaupré's eyes fell on Raymond. At
he disgust so legible on his face, she for-
riety altogether, and burst into a merry

ked at her in surprise.
laughing at you, Monsieur Savoisy."
ll not be so untruthful as to say I am glad
he cause of your merriment, Madame. In
ay have I made myself ridiculous?"
you could only have seen your face in the
s the amiable M. Godard left the room!"
speak frankly, Madame, I dislike Monsieur
l's sentiments, manners, person—in short,
hing about him is disagreeable to me."
vertheless, he is gentle, polite, careful not to
"
is very fortunate to possess your good opin-
dame. I have the honor to present you my
ful homage."
out appearing to hear this leave-taking, Ma-
le Beaupré went on, "I should never have
d you to be so severe—so very harsh in your
nts of women."
of women in general; but of one woman in
ar. What would be a venial error in others,

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would be a deadly, unpardon
the person I loved."

"You are alluding to the ca
bleue,'" said Madame de Beaup

"This is an extreme one," a
"But all trifling, every species o
of dressing unbecoming a modest
sive love of pleasure, would be f
pardon in one I loved."

"Poor Monsieur Savoisy!" eja
de Beaupré, in a mocking tone.
descendant of the Puritans." Ther
tion of gaiety, she added, "how
understand you now. By describing
you describe the perfect person to w
is given."

"Madame!"

"Pardon the frankness of my allu

"I don't understand it. Perhaps
will be so good as to explain your m

"No, I will not be so good. Ex
arguments weary me."

Raymond, who had remained st
hand, repeated the formula, "I ha
present my respectful homage," and
towards the door; his hand was on
Madame de Beaupré said, in a loud
the sign of strong emotion in her,
detest, it is hypocrisy."

Raymond turned towards her, an

"It was my plain speaking that o

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nother mistake, M. Savoisy. I was not offen-
n the least; why should I be? Unless, indeed,
meant the flattering portrait of the woman
could not love, for me."

here was scorn in her eyes and on her lips.
I confess that I think the present fashion of
men's dress and behavior odious and reprehen-
le."

Madame de Beaupré had a strong inclination to
ply, "You are right, and I am wrong." She re-
ected and admired his sturdiness, but a feminine
pirit of contradiction made her say,—

"Everybody has not reached the respectable age
f thirty," (that was a hit at Christian's age), "what
suits an old maid, may not be suitable for every
one else, and going against fashion may proceed as
much from vanity, as doing as others do. Besides,
people of a certain rank cannot exactly rule them-
selves as can those in a lower position."

Madame de Beaupré met the look of displeased
surprise in Raymond's eyes, and stopped abruptly.
She was perfectly aware that she had spoken meanly
and unworthily; but at that given moment she
would have said anything to show Raymond how
completely indifferent she was to his opinion.

There is always some hate in love, and no
question more difficult to solve than how a woman
feels towards a man. He may secretly dominate
her every thought, and the world be none the wiser
—the guess of the one moment be destroyed in the
next.

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onsieur d'Esbryat detailed all the numero[illegible]
ntages of such an alliance—the best mat[illegible]
rance—great wealth—a fine old title; the D[illegible]
self of suitable age; a man of elegant tast[illegible]
eat knowledge of life, anxious to taste the [illegible]
hts of a congenial union. M. d'Esbryat aff[illegible]
nately pressed the young widow to accep[illegible]
er, for her own sake and that of Ber[illegible]
At another moment Madame de Be[illegible]
ve been highly diverted by her cousin's [illegible]
lted style. Now she was struck by a sort of
nic. Was it not strange that this letter should
ve arrived in the moment it did? Was it a
ovidential warning. Thoughts crowded pell
ll on her. She could not for her life see clearly
o her heart. It was the seat of a struggle be-
een old prejudices and new feelings, a confused
paring of two possible destinies. She had
ays had a distaste for *mèsalliances*, more partic-
ly when the superior rank was on the woman's

Clearly, she had been very foolish, and must
the penalty for her folly; in other words, she
give up seeing M. Raymond Savoisy. At
lecision, she was overcome by a pang such as
ad never felt before. She even uttered some
for Bertha ran to her, asking what was the
er.

Nothing," was the answer.

he little girl, with that sudden reproduction of
ast impression which makes children so often
at the French call "*des enfans terribles*," asked,—

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"Why have I no brothers or sisters
"Because God has sent you none-
"But I want some to play with-
God for some?"

"No; certainly not."

A complete change of thought
tary smiles passed over Madame de
She laughed aloud, and it was—
reader, for it is true—she laughed
tion of Raymond's angry face. It
of derision, but a tender merrimen
to weeping. She had a short, delic
one that no woman ever tells, unless
the moon called honey; told in wh
pleasant protection of twilight.

The next thing Madame de Be
go to her writing-table and write
to M. d'Esbryat, empowering him
offer of his Grace the Duc de C—
note of invitationto M. Raymon
soirée not in contemplation ten m
getful alike of her self-confession o
resolution to give up Raymond's s
think of nothing, dread nothing,
taken leave of her for ever. She
see him.

No sooner, however, was the e
than note and envelop were torn
possible pieces, so that the most
should not discover how silly she h
At dinner Madame de Beaupré

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and evidently at odds with herself and th
She declared several times she was as tired
had walked up to the top of that dreadfu
which M. Savoisy had wanted to perch th
If put there, it might as well not be built
could never get there.

"I warned him of that," said Christian,
d at the tone, and of this unnecessary
of Raymond's name.

"Did you really warn him? and he pers
ould not allow of that, Mademoiselle," a
e de Beaupré spoke with contemptuous
hristian reddened, but answered nothi
ck, as far as she could see, without
on- Perhaps it was this absence o
h fretted Madame de Beaupré into sa
Men are all selfish, tyrannical, exact
istical; severe for women, and indul
selves. The only way to live in pe
is to be more selfish, more exactin
istical than they are. Don't forget m
emoiselle." It was the inner sting t
ing itself. "And now I must go and
my part in the 'human comedy.' H
ventured to read Balzac, Maden
t pictures he paints of men and wo
are true."

far easier to paint vice than
Power.

t Miss Mademoiselle, spare me; I hate
n martyrs."

"I beg your pardon, M
"I ought rather to
I am out of sorts, and r
eases my mind as swearin
forgive me," and the Vico
blew a kiss to Miss Po
was a storm in the air.
however, to perplex
Some one or other had
have any discomfort, n
effort of your own, take t
Dig in the garden, or
sat down to the piano to
Madame de Beaupré
her inconsistencies.

The new Bishop of th
in Magny le Sec that m
of ceremony to the Pré
ious communities. He
evening *réunion* of the
Beaupré knew this, and
etiquette for all the ladi
this occasion to be d
There had been consulta
the wife of the Procureu
to wear a Chambery g
Madame Folignon a whit
tulle of the most dazzling
rency; but, being high
formable to the letter, if
custom.

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Madame de Beaupré thought it possible that Savoisy might be there, and out of sheer waywardness, and with the most audacious disregard of bishops and vicars, chose to wear one of those dresses which, to the male spectator, seem as though the body of it had been forgotten—exactly of the style and fashion Raymond had stigmatized so forcibly that afternoon. It was certainly, if not very proper, very becoming.

The Vicomtesse had never been in better looks. Agitation had given a lovely pink flush to her cheeks, and made her eyes shine like stars.

"One might light candles at Madame's eyes," exclaimed the waiting-maid.

Madame saw perfectly well that she was beautiful. Her heart swelled with triumph. Beauty gives power, privilege, victory. To do her justice, poor little woman, her only wish at that moment was that Raymond Savoisy could see her, and that in spite of himself he *should* pardon one of the sins he had pronounced unpardonable. As his image rose before her, something like a cloud dimmed her eyes. Involuntary tears, why or wherefore she could not have told, hung on the lashes. She said suddenly,—

"I have a great mind, after all, to wear my blue silk."

"The blue silk!" ejaculated Mademoiselle Justine, "Madame can't think of such a thing; Madame is perfect as she is. Ma foi, what's the use of having shoulders like Madame's if no one sees them? Every one has not such dimples."

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CHAPTER X.

A SOIRÉE AND A DINNER.

RE are eighty-nine departments in modern e, and in each capital of these eighty-nine de- ents there is a Préfecture—a Government se.

A Préfet in the days of the first Napoleon re- ved orders from the Emperor alone. He was a iceroy, and his wife a vice-Queen. Under the present parliamentary *régime*, he is under the com- mand of the Minister of the Interior—not so pow- erful as fifty years ago, but still the chief personage of the department.

The Préfecture is looked upon not only as a cen- ter of departmental government, but as the center of departmental entertainments. The ladies of the capital and its neighborhood expect, as their right, so many balls, so many soirées at the Préfecture.

They say—"We are not at all grateful for these entertainments; they are obliged to give them."

But no—there is no actual obligation, though it has been something more than suspected that such and such Préfets have been put on the shelf for *not* entertaining.

Monsieur le Préfet and Madame la Préfette *of* Magny le Sec were as generally liked as such per-

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sons usually are. It is a piec
when the Préfet's wife has a gr
ner, and has the gift of making
themselves. The Préfette of M
excellent wife and mother, and
of character—but she was th
women. She was always in the
moment, and many stories were
raculous powers of silence.

The Magny ladies accused
manners—one for Madame de B
General, and others of that cali
less exalted. The poor lady, w
tion reached her, said,—

"What would you have?
I have been seeing forced smile
up speeches, listening to echo
the way the women sit like ch
polite and tiresome."

Madame la Préfette had n
inestimable advantage of loo
was. Thanks to a fine comple
which time had neither thin
appeared several years younge
Time had been civil, and spa
irreparable outrages, but her
bitter at this favoritism. Gr
that strangers should be awar
had certainly seen her fiftieth b

The Préfet himself was a type
very—with a red face. When

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a of a man going to execution,
ed. He played every even-
trick of tapping in a friendly
s of those in authority under
e got small credit for affabil-
ry limited powers of conver-
pered that he was fond of
might easily be so; but all
d to say in support of the al-
stared at every pretty face
connoisseurs do at pictures.
one ear.

Beaupré's privilege to say and
but this evening, when she
ress, so very low, at the recol-
e of Monseigneur the Bishop,
was a general shudder of con-
e la Préfette, with unusual
the culprit, saying,—
ve forgotten Monseigneur."
mbered he could not see two
nose, and Monsieur le Vicaire
k on me."
this speech in her most childish
Beaupré advanced towards the
l made him the prettiest obeis-

sight enough to perceive that
commonly brilliant was before
broken bass voice pronounced
sounded very like, "Charmed

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to see you, *belle dame.*" Bu
something else—something m
his violet stockings. The Vic
lution on his heels, bowing his
direction to the lovely courtesy

The party was not only seri
gloomy. The Demoiselles d
there, on account of His Grace.
sat Mademoiselle de Tremeren
expression Donatello has given
a demon. Her mouth was ajar,
ing, showing the lower teeth.
clared, she was drinking in Mo
A large swallow she must have
thick, fat utterance, and between
there was an asthmatic grunt;
Mademoiselle de Tremerens felt n
no nightingale's song had ever so
in her ears as the Bishop's snuffle

If the Bishop could not see, Mad
merens could, and her indignation
clerical propriety, by the display
Beaupré's dimpled shoulders, flash
spinster's eyes.

"How cross you look to-night," s
Beaupré, caressingly, to the eldest of
and Fifty.'

"Distressed, Vicomtesse, distressed

"Dear me! I am so sorry."

The three sisters closed round the Pre
him in from such a snare to the eye.

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orking at the round table gladly made room for
ıe offended Vicomtesse.

The Substitut came out of a corner, and placed
mself behind Madame de Beaupré. Every fault
ıs to be expiated. A shiver ran through Madame
ɜ Beaupré as she *felt* the Substitut's eyes wander-
g over the shoulders that she had willfully exposed
public view. She hardened her heart against
is novel discomfort. She did not, of course, con-
ɜs to herself that Raymond's words and opinions
ıd anything to do with her uneasiness; on the
ıntrary, the more she suffered from Gustave God-
d's pertinacious staring, the higher rose her resent-
ent against M. Savoisy's impertinence.

"Have you ever seen archangels' eyes?" asked
Iadame Folignon, in a discreet whisper.

"Have archangels really ever visited the earth?"
eturned Madame de Beaupré.

"Madame Maillard asserts that the new Vicar of
Nôtre Dame has archangel's eyes."

"What an old goose!"

"The same as ever; years have not cured her."

"You should have heard her talking of this Abbé
Tossin! She raves of him, and says it transported
ıer into another world to hear him speak of the sua-
ity of love."

"Divine love, I hope?"

"She did not say 'divine.'"

"Poor old lady! there is a coolness between her
ıd her contemporary, Madame Bouroche, about
is Abbé. Madame Bouroche declares he can't

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live; that the bigness of l
of him. She laughs at M:
every one that her attentic
yond what is proper."

Just at this point there
tea. The Préfette went tc
English counterpart mig
young ladies, glad of any
about with cups and milk :
with a pretty grace that
Taking advantage of the l
pré ensconced herself in :
which as effectually protect
from sight as any crape sh:

Madame de Beaupré hac
shelter she had sought bro
diate vicinity of the secon
merens. She was made a
question, in a loud voice,
tants, Madame de Beaupré

The Vicomtesse was one
at a loss for a reply. She a
is very well, and getting acc
Catholics!"

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes; though she has f
neither as wise as serpe
doves." Madame de Beau
fantine tones when she mea

Mademoiselle Virginie, a
voice to match her person, g

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air, and said with a short laugh, "We have an d proverb, 'Tell me who you frequent, and I ill tell you who you are.' You have caught the Protestant trick of bringing the words of the Bible into worldly conversations."

"M. Jourdain talked prose without knowing it, and I am in the same predicament with my quotation from the Bible, which I never read, I assure you. I got those naughty words from the 'Imitation.'"

The Bishop, who had caught just enough of this fencing between the two ladies to misunderstand it entirely, here snuffled out, "Ah, very good!—h'm h'm—a sweet child—h'm, h'm—always read the 'Imitation,' my dear—h'm, h'm—it will do you good—h'm—if you are good, you will be happy—h'm, h'm, h'm—therefore be good—h'm, h'm, h'm."

A reverential silence had reigned in the salon during the delivery of these words, in which, as Mademoiselle de Tremerens devoutly remarked, "all the wisdom of ages was condensed."

The Bishop, feeling he had ably acquitted himself, rose to take leave in the moment of his triumph, as all clever folks do. In the bustle of his departure, Madame de Beaupré heard Mademoiselle Virginie muttering, "If she thinks to get those Protestants into society, she will find herself mistaken."

Formerly Madame de Beaupré would have playfully exaggerated the incidents of the evening into a farce that might have been played as a "lever

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de Rideau" at any theat
was, she left the Préfectu
had the habit of telling
ladies were dressed; this n
in her own thoughts, wh
justifiable, seeing that she
Duchess.

The waiting-maid had
respect for the title of
common; who was to know
a new and an old title?—b
to her surreptitious knowl
that Madame de Beaupré o
forbearance for her meditati

With the first opening of
Madame de Beaupré remem
letter, and remembering, und
not neglect to answer it. Sh
as to that answer. She should
The dominant thought of her
ing to herself this decision,
Raymond Savoisy would receiv
that she had refused a Duke.
him, she hoped, that she was not t
it pleased him to suppose her; it
of those crimes he could not pard
he loved;" and here her face di
with smiles.

Mademoiselle Justine, who was
hair, saw the radiation of pleasure
mirror, and set it about in the serv

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am e etait dans le plus grand contentement
pu isse imaginer."
e h alf of Madame de Beaupré's wish was
ted. Raymond Savoisy knew before nightfall
the Duc de C—— G——'s proposal. He
assured also that the Duc had been accepted;
. he believed it.
At six Precisely of the afternoon of the day after
Préfecture soirée, Raymond Savoisy entered
Poplus salon.
He was in uniform, for the very good reason
at he had not enough in his purse to buy him-
f a black dress suit for the evening. He had not
farthing beyond his pay, and that was eighteen
ndred francs, or seventy-two pounds sterling.
he family income had never exceeded four thou-
and francs! and yet, in spite of this *quasi* poverty,
he pasteur was hospitable, generous, and charitable.
elf-denial was a habit with all his children.
Pasteur Savoisy's advice to his son will never be
s world-famous as that of Polonius to Laertes.
He said,—
"The fewer the wants, the wiser and more inde-
pendent the man. When you are tempted to rail
against the inequalities of fortune, look downwards
instead of upwards. Serve God first, and then
your sovereign; make no debts; and give a tithe
of what you have to the poor."
It was Raymond's duty, therefore, to wear his
uniform; and virtue had its reward; for he looked
specially well in that mixture of blue and red.

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M. Poplus was alone in the salon, looking
clean, and shining, reminding you of a horse fr
groomed. The first words he said to Ray
showed what tact he possessed.

"Ah, ha! mon sous-lieutenant; so you a
keep the colors displayed?"

Raymond, brought up in reverence for tru
swered manfully,—

"I have no plain clothes."

"None the worse for that, my boy. I
always a salon like this, a *forte piano*, c
spoons. You'll have your share of luck, I
doubt. You are as well-built a young fel
have seen for some time."

It suddenly occurred to Raymond that M
had made his fortune in some outlying
where, exactly, he did not know; but the
mark sounded like that of some old slave
accustomed to appraise men's thews and
He felt a rising distaste for this "bon Pc
which was an unpleasant feeling for a guest
tertain towards a host, and not at all conduc
pleasant conversation.

Luckily a ring at the door-bell diverte
Poplus's attention. "*Only* M. Bertin," he
served to Raymond.

M. Bertin was a dashing little man of about
and-forty, with lively, unsettled hungry eyes—
that never made friends with you. Yet M. Be
might have been supposed to be a popular man,
you met him everywhere; in fact, ladies took c

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efore they sent out invitations for an evening arty, to ascertain that M. Bertin was disengaged. Ie was one of those superficial men who shine in eneral society. He could talk on any subject. Iis only real talent lay in forcing his interlocutor to eep down to his (M. Bertin's) level. He was inaluable to mothers with young daughters just ome out. He sang seconds and danced with them; ave them advice, with this inevitable conclusion: *I* and your mother are the only persons from hom you will hear the truth;" and one of the uths he oftenest preached to these beginners was distrust," not of themselves, but of their companons first, and of strangers second.

He believed himself gifted with *l'esprit Français*, which means the delicately mordant wit of the ighteenth century. What he really possessed was n *esprit leger*. He was evidently a light-minded nan, and, as such, more inclined to believe in vil than in good. He was unrivaled in the art f dropping a mischievous word—in sowing susicion.

Monsieur Bertin had been greatly encouraged by Ionsieur and Madame Poplus; they believed him be all powerful in Magny le Sec. They sought is counsels on every occasion, and were for ever ying to Nathalie—"It is Monsieur Bertin's opinn that you should do so-and-so, or, Monsieur ertin's advice is this or that."

At first Nathalie had rather taken a sort of filial ing for Monsieur Bertin, and followed his sug-

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gestions; lately she had gr
plained that she did not ap
on the arm, or of his sudden
He might be old, but not ol
of thing. Besides, what ha
their dinners. He had pro
asked to Madame de Beau
they? No, not even once.

"At all events, don't let
the man; people who have
good, always have enough t
Monsieur Poplus.

To see him receive Monsi
would have thought Monsie
him. He patted him on the
him on all subjects, and ap
Did Monsieur Bertin believe
good-will? Probably as littl
in Monsieur Bertin's. Aft
suades so surely as truth. I
there needs no hand-shakings
tappings—no explosions of any

Madame Poplus, flushed wit
ence in the kitchen, next appeare
and long, wide blue streamers to
her inquiries after the health of th
had been answered, Madame Gelino
appeared. The elder sister wore a
gation; as for Nathalie, she had ma
that this Monsieur Savoisy was of
Monsieur Bertin, and showed, ther

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ought "the whole thing a bore." When a French woman of any class or age says *Je m'ennuie*, you may banish hope of any kind as regards her. The ennui of a matron of thirty leads to what Ave Feuillet names *une crise*—that of a young lady of Nathalie's age to a marriage when there is a *dot*; to ill-health when there is no fortune. It is a misfortune for French single women that they have no outlet for their talents or activity. They are hedged in by such customs that an unmarried woman of seven or eight-and-twenty has as little liberty as when she was seventeen. She cannot read what her English prototype may read. She cannot visit or go a day's journey unchaperoned. She may not so much as walk through her native town alone. There are French mothers who, not considering Gounod's "Faust" fit for their daughters to see, have abstained themselves *because* they could not leave their daughters for an hour. A French young lady is married—guaranteed.

During the dinner, which was excellent, as is the rule and not the exception in France, Monsieur Bertin said to Raymond, with the condescension of a superior,—

"We have met before, I believe, Monsieur?"

"I believe so," answered Raymond.

"Ah, yes, yes! at Mesdames C. D. E. F.," enumerating the leading families of Magny.

"You know the Vicomtesse de Beaupré very well, don't you, Monsieur Savoisy?" asked Nathalie, chafing at Monsieur Bertin's assumption of au-

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thority, for the little man showed he
himself above his company. She put
by way of setting him down.
"I have the honor of Madame de B
quaintance," said Raymond stiffly, sen
man usually is to any mention of the
whom he takes a peculiar interest.
"Ah, to be sure!" exclaimed Monsie
addressing the young officer. "How an
piquant she is. How was it you were
Préfecture last night? You should
Mademoiselle de Tremerens when our pr
friend came in dressed—or faith, undress
Bishop and his Vicars were present—the
ous of *réunions*—the poor préfette, wh
grew as red as her ribbons, made some remo
'Monseigneur can't see, and the Vicars
their backs if they are uncomfortable,
answer she got."
"Madame de Beaupré was quite right
woman of spirit," said Monsieur Poplus.
of Chambertin to her health, Savoisy."
Raymond was not man of the world
swallow the wine.
"Rather injudicious, was it not?"
Madame Poplus.
"Humbug!" shouted Monsieur Pop
my part I don't see why bishops are to
fuss made about them. I always spea
roundly. It's their business to look af
als, not ours to save them from temp

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doesn't hurt *me* to see a pretty woman's shoulders; eh, Bertin?"

"Not as long as the shoulders are as well worth seeing as those of the little Vicomtesse." Monsieur Bertin was too busy with the bones of his *Brochet de la Meuse* to see the scowl on Raymond's face.

M. Gelinotte kept the peace, by speaking for the first time since the commencement of dinner. He had acquired the talent of silence since his marriage, M. Poplus being in the habit of cutting him short with "What can you know of the matter, Gelinotte?"

It was with unusual firmness that Gelinotte said, "I heard at the club to-day that she is going to be married to the Duc de C—— G——."

It was only Madame Gelinotte who remarked Raymond's expression of face and his change of color at this announcement.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Bertin. "It was not known last night. Are you sure? Is it a positive fact?"

"M. Godard told it as one."

"Poor Gustave! he is fairly thrown over, then?" laughed Bertin. "It's a magnificent marriage. The Duc de C—— G—— is one of the first matches in France."

"Is he young?" asked Nathalie.

"What do you call young, Mademoiselle? Age is relative, you know."

"Young means young, and old old. I call

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thirty-six old." Nathalie hoped she had
Bertin very hard.

"Alas! then the Duc is old; he has attai
number of years you have named; but the
de Beaupré was upwards of forty when he
Mademoiselle Thérèse de Morville, who w
seventeen."

"Poor child!" muttered Madame Poplu

"She was none the worse," went on
"She was early a widow, and has enjoy
pretty well since that sad, perhaps I ought
to say happy event."

M. Bertin might now say what he
Raymond was too completely absorbed
news of the certainty of Madame de Be
marriage to have ears to hear. Had an
friend known of his previous reflections abou
Substitut, the kind friend might have congratu
him that his wish as to the Vicomtesse fir
a more suitable husband than Gustave Godard
been answered. Raymond had forgotten ev
thing but M. Gelinotte's announcement. It is to
doubted whether any human being ever rea
rejoiced in the first moment of certainty that so
great temptation, some folly, was put out of h
reach. There is, on such occasions, a distractin
struggle between the heart-sickness of disappoint
ment and the gladness of safety. But in spite of the
pressure on his heart, Raymond performed pretty
correctly the duties of a guest,—listened patiently
to Mademoiselle Nathalie's Patati and Patita;

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ed when he paid his compliments to her voice; re Madame Poplus the information she sought as the number of his brothers and his sisters, and eir ages, without making one blunder. At last it as ten o'clock, and he might take his leave. For e preceding quarter of an hour he had been med- ating how best he could avoid being saddled with ertin's company on the way home.

Bertin had perceived Raymond's brusquerie owards him; but Bertin belonged to that class who keep their displeasure to themselves, preferring rather to swallow their own words than to support them by deeds. He had become very courteous to Raymond since dinner, and, as they stood on the doorsteps together, observed, "I believe our road is the same?"

"I think not," was the curt rejoinder, and Raymond turned sharp around in the opposite direction.

Madame Gelinotte told her mother that same night, it would be useless to invite M. Savoisy to dinner any more; for she was satisfied of the truth of the report that he was in love with Madame de Beaupré.

"He must be mad, then; but who told you, my dear?"

"Mademoiselle Maxe."

"What! the ironer?" and Madame Poplus laughed.

"Those sort of people find out everything; and she irons for the Vicomtesse."

"The world is very different from what it was in

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my young days,"
was married, I ha
kerchiefs; and no
broidered cambric
falling in love wit
a revolution; you'
I mayn't."

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CHAPTER XI.

MADAME LA PRÉFETTE'S PARADISE REFUSED.

MADEMOISELLE JUSTINE'S curiosity and long tongue produced that force of circumstances which decides the fate of individuals.

Early the following morning, the Demoiselles de Tremerens were in possession of the fact that the offending Vicomtesse of the evening before, whom they had often and often qualified as the most frivolous and coquettish of women, was on the eve of placing a ducal coronet on her small, light head. They never could have thought such an event possible. M. de C—— G——, who might have the pick and choice of the fairest and noblest from one end of France to the other; M. de C—— G——, who might have raised his eyes without fear of repulse to one standing on the steps of the throne—such a man to take it into his head to marry this little widow! pretty, certainly, but without height or grandeur; and as for fortune, very well, but nothing to tempt a C—— G——.

Mademoiselle de Tremerens at once wrote a note to the Préfecture; while Mademoiselle Solanges, having caught sight of the supposed Duchess elect pacing up and down one of the garden walks, went thither to meet her, as if by accident. Mademoiselle

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Solanges returned
view, and told her
tesse had quite a pr
be no doubt of the t

No wonder if M
thing inattentive to
tudes, for Madame d
to a clear understand
the raveled skein o
struggling against
seeking to decide as
proposal, the image o
itself. The underlyin
words and looks was
A seed falls into the
two little tender leave
ever so iron-bound, tho
pierce their way. The
darkness and silence.
our sentiments. Only
into activity, do we track
being sown.

Certainly this was what
de Beaupré. It had needed
day before, and the Duc de
to make her perceive the g
Raymond.

She was not without experi
its ways. She knew with pain
one among those bound to her
not one among the crowd of h

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would blame her, would consider that love a degradation, and deride the idea that Raymond was in a position of life to authorize an affection between them. On the other hand, there would be a chorus of approbation did she accept the Duc de C—— G——, without one grain of preference for him, and that merely because he was a duke and wealthy. Having reached this point, light broke in on her, and she said, aloud,—

"But that is no reason why I should marry M. de C—— G——," and with her habitual impulsiveness, she ran into the house, and seated herself at the writing-table.

She had just written "My dear cousin," when the shrill *timbre* of the porter's lodge gave notice of an approaching visitor. The next instant Madame la Préfette was announced.

It is well to note here that the title of *Préfette* is a provincialism. All the invitations from the Préfecture ran in the names of Monsieur le Préfet et Madame de Renneval.

"May I congratulate you, chère Dame, or is it to be kept a secret for the present?" asked Madame de Renneval, in a low, mysterious voice.

Madame de Beaupré's eyes opened very wide as she repeated,—

"Congratulate me, why?"

"You mean it, then, to be a secret; but let me enlighten you; it is a secret already in the possession of the whole town."

"Will you tell it to me?"

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Madame de Renneval laughed as
"In plain words, I have come
you on your marriage with the
G——."

"How could you know of his propo
received it yesterday, and have not mer
any one."

"Half-a-dozen people have already spo
me. I had a note this morning from M
de Tremerens containing the news ber
dressed. The President (of the Tribun
Procureur Impérial told the Préfet."

"It is extraordinary!" exclaimed M
Beaupré.

"Nevertheless true?" asked Madame
val.

"Only partly. I *have* undoubtedly
proposal from Monsieur de C——G——, t
It was Madame de Renneval's turn to
astonishment.

"Is it possible you are hesitating?"

"Does that astonish you? Why?"
Question and answer is to most people
way of arriving at knowledge, and of clea
the mistiness of their own ideas; very
think out a subject in silence; object
flint that strikes sparks from the usual
tellects.

"Frankly, yes," answered Madame de
"Altogether the offer is unexceptionabl
possible advantage. Equality of ran

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age; for Monsieur de C—— G——, the Préfet says, is not more than thirty-five."

"Thirty-seven, M. d'Esbryat says," observed Madame de Beaupré, referring to the letter lying open on the blotting-book.

"A fine man—perfect ton," went on the Préfette, rather in an interrogative than affirmative tone.

"H'm! As for looks, he is like everybody else; smiles, you know, with all his teeth set as you see them in a dentist's case, and holds his hat, and dresses just as they all do; its so difficult to distinguish one man from another in Paris!"

Madame de Renneval did not quite understand this speech; it was out of her beat. All her ideas were ruled, measured, and set in the dominant key of the day. For her, money was the indispensable thing; position, a second-rate consideration. Money and position combined, paradise itself could offer nothing better. Where there was plenty of money, there must be plenty of enjoyment. She would not have hesitated an instant had she been in Madame de Beaupré's place. If the Vicomtesse had known what it was to be the wife of a Préfet of the third class, with a miserable thousand a year, she would have been more grateful to Providence for this Duke's offer.

She said, with the emphasis of one replying to some absurdity, "A most excellent marriage."

"All that my friends could desire," laughed Madame de Beaupré. "But I am the person who to be married, and I have had the misfortune or

fortune to have been married already. A girl d
not know what she is doing when she marries, a
she does so courageously; but a widow . . . ?
"I don't see much need of courage to mar
Monsieur de C—— G——," persisted Madame
Renneval. At this conjuncture a tall, elderly m
Monsieur Lefort, the most notable man of the to
entered the room, and Madame de Beaupré jum
up with alacrity to receive him. He shook h
with her gravely. All the upper classes of M
le Sec had a respect, strongly imbued with fea
Monsieur Lefort; the humbler world, a confi
and affection only controlled by veneration.
he more talent than goodness, or more goo
than talent? It was difficult to decide
avoided what is called society, and it sough
Though his left hand knew not of the help hi
bestowed, misfortune always turned its imp
eyes to him.

He was the one man in the Departmen
dared to live according to his own will. St
that the example was not followed, for p
bishop, judges, and administrators were all
sieur Lefort's very humble servants. "Ha
pleased," said the Mayor, "he might have bee
Deputy, and once Deputy, nothing could have
vented his being Keeper of the Seals." Mon
Lefort, once hearing this, doffed his little black
cap, and said, "Much obliged. I prefer t
keeper of my liberty."

You would have said that Madame de Bea

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one of the last persons in the world to gain friendship of Monsieur Lefort. He, all vigor, son, and sobriety; she all lightness, frivolity, l impulse. But Monsieur Lefort was sagacious. had first known Madame de Beaupré during the etime of M. de Beaupré. He had remarked how tiently she bore her husband's overbearing ways, d he had said to himself, "That little creature ust have some strength of character: weakness ever submits quietly." The interest she had then spired had never entirely vanished. He had eard of all her follies and eccentricities, but he had lways answered, "I suspect her of being better han she chooses to appear. She has character, that little woman." And from time to time he appeared in her salon.

"I interrupt you, ladies," he began, as he took the arm-chair Madame de Beaupré pushed towards him.

"Not at all," said Madame de Renneval, at the same time gathering her shawl about her as with an intention of prompt departure.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Madame de Beaupré, laughing.

"That is what brought me to-day, for I knew it was not your day of reception. I have been told by scores of mouths of your approaching marriage, Madame. I have ventured to come and ask you as to the truth of what is said. It never does a woman good to have a false report of that kind gain ground."

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"I must answer you as I answered Renneval—the news is partly true; though honor the Duc de C—— G—— has don got wind, is a puzzle to me."

"Probably because your waiting-maid read letter over your shoulder, or you left it on dressing-table."

"Is it possible that M. Lefort knows the weaknesses of our *femme de chambre*," exclaimed Madame de Renneval.

"Madame, I have one maid, a cook. I have some experience of her ways; she reads all the letters I don't burn or lock up. I judge of the species by the specimen under my eye."

"That horrid Justine," exclaimed Madame de Beaupré, "I remember now that I did leave M. d'Esbryat's letter in the pocket of my morning-gown. I have the greatest mind to send her away this instant."

"No, no; on the whole she is a good girl;" (M. Lefort was popularly supposed to know the character of every man, woman, and child in Magny;) "besides, you have the advantage of being aware of her faults; you will do well, therefore, to keep here. My mother used to tell a story of the Duchesse d'Abrantes. The Duchess, one day, warned a guest that the servant in waiting was a spy. 'Good heavens!' said the visitor, 'why don't you discharge him at once.' 'Because I know what he is,' was the reply. 'I should be some time in discovering before which of my other servants I must

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e on my guard.' So it seems, fair lady, that once the beldame gossip has told the truth."

"Not quite. In the first place I only know M. de G—— by sight."

"What does that signify? You know him to be rich. I don't speak of his title; as that dates only from the first empire, it will count for nothing with you aristocrats; but he is rich, enormously rich."

"And you think that a temptation no woman can resist."

"*Pardieu*, it is not a temptation; it is a necessity before which she bends. Once upon a time, Madame, mankind had four great interests—religion, politics, war, and love; they have added a fifth, or rather they have done away with love, and put money in its place. When I was twenty, youths were ready to blow their brains out for the sake of some affair of the heart; now-a-days young men are all pre-occupied with the affairs of the Bourse. *Pardieu*, the women are not behindhand with the men. I know a young girl of two-and-twenty whose first thought on opening her eyes to a new day, is the state of the public funds. She has good talents, paints and plays, reads German and English well; she looks with scorn on the fine arts and those who profess them; the only subject she considers worthy of attention is the rise and fall of stocks. Money is like Aaron's serpent. Believe me in time, Madame, wealth is now-a-days the one object to be sought for in marrying."

"That is an exaggeration," said Madame de

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Renneval; "we take
acter of the young
daughters."

"You ascertain that
a thief. But that his l
by selfish pleasures; tl
cares for nothing; tha
without flavor for him;
must have the bait of
you? No; he has so
much; therefore they
The girl sometimes fanc
vised suitor; usually she
se marier. Do you read
I am told they are pictures
so, alas! for my poor young
Madame de Renneval rose
"You are a dangerous ma
shouldn't wish my daughter
adieu, chère Madame; au plais
When the door had closed o
Mousieur Lefort laughed and re
"So I am to be signaled in f
ous man for young ladies. R
what the world asks for."

"I am not going to marry M. de
said Madame de Beaupré, firmly.

"Do not let my opinions influenc
long as little to the age as I do mys
"I had decided to refuse before I
or Madame de Renneval."

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"You are right, if you are acquainted with the Duke and do not like him. When I was a notary, I saw behind the scenes as much or more than the priest did in the confessional, and I came to the conclusion that our system as to marriages was the real cause of the corruption of our morals. Madame! the human being who loves, has made an advance towards goodness. Love means self-abnegation, renunciation, self-constraint; it is, in fact, a moral law, and has been so from the beginning of the world, though we Christians are fond of arrogating to ourselves the monopoly. I speak of love, understand—not passion, the essence of selfishness, of a brutal egotism."

"Thank you for believing me worthy of being so spoken to, of being capable of understanding you." Great tears were rolling over Madame de Beaupré's cheeks. She went on—"I am not such a heartless, empty-headed fool as people think me. Oh! M. Lefort, I was so unhappy when you first knew me. I hated, yes, I did really hate M. de Beaupré. I hated myself, and everybody, even poor little Bertha. I could not see any use in living, or why people should be born; I wished it was all over. I believed that every one was unhappy; and I wondered, if God was all-good and all-powerful, why He should have created us only to be wretched! One day I went to see those Frankommes—I scarcely think it was from a good motive—and that merry M. Frankomme told me he had ten more grey hairs in his head from seeing his wife's tooth drawn. It

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was ridiculous, wasn't it?" She was half laugh half crying. "It had such an effect on me; it w the first time I had an idea a man could care for his wife. After that I was more miserable, more wicked. Oh! no, I will not marry M. de C—— G——."

In this outburst of long pent-up feeling there was another proof for M. Lefort of his theory that there are aspects of a character which require some peculiar pressure to force them into light. He perceived that Madame de Beaupré had one of those delicate, ardent natures, as prone to suffering as enjoyment. He knew also that the more rarely endowed the individual, the less chance of meeting with response. It is not sufficient to have much to give: it is necessary to find some one capable of receiving It was in a voice of warning that he said, "You do well. Wait. Let happiness come of itself."

Left alone, Madame de Beaupré wrote her letter to M. d'Esbryat, committing the fault, of course, of declining M. le Duc de C—— G——'s proposal on the plea that she did not intend to marry again. At that moment the plea was a true one.

It was much about the hour that she was writing this decision that Raymond Savoisy was listening to M. Bertin's assertion of her approaching marriage.

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CHAPTER XII.

CONFLICT.

It was from Mademoiselle Virginie de Tremerens that Miss Power first heard of Madame de Beaupré's approaching marriage. The English governess was coming home from her daily walk when she met the youngest of "the ladies," dressed out as if for a ball. Mademoiselle Virginie had been the *Queteuse* that morning at a mass performed in aid of some charity. Whenever Mademoiselle Virginie was to carry round the bag, the collection was sure to be good; for all the *beau monde*, who made a point to be there to laugh at her way of dressing, had to pay for their amusement. She was more outrageous than usual on this day; she had managed to adorn her person with all the colors of the rainbow. Her eyebrows and *bandeaux* were blacker than they were the day before, the white and red of her complexion in more startling contrast.

Christian would willingly have passed this specimen of human vanity with only a bow; but Mademoiselle Virginie came up to her with mincing steps, and said, with a simper painful to behold, "So you would not honor us at Nôtre Dame this morning, Mademoiselle. The ceremony was magnificent, I assure you. But M. Mangin made an innovation

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that will set all the world talking. Ever since time of Madame de Sévigné—as you probably know Mademoiselle; you, who are so clever—oh! yes, every one speaks of your knowledge—ah! all English ladies know so much!—but I assure you, from the days of Madame de Sévigné, it has always been the custom for the *Queteuse* only to lay her right hand on the wrist of the gentleman who is her cavalier. M. Mangin *would* put my arm within his, which made it very awkward; he presumed on my having chosen him to accompany me. Women have to be so on their guard, particularly single women. There's the 'Substitut' made so sure of Madame de Beaupré; he's nicely disappointed. A charming change for you this marriage will make, Mademoiselle."

"What marriage?" inquired Christian, changing color in a remarkable manner.

"You have not heard that our lovely Vicomtesse is going to be married to the Duc de C—— G——? Why, all Magny knows it."

"This is the first I have heard of it," returned Christian, in amazement.

"It surprises you; so it does me and my sisters. It seems very easy for some women to have as many husbands as they please; for my part, I don't profess to know how they manage it. This is better than her first. The Duc de C—— G—— is as rich as Rothschild; his mother and sisters always had separate suites of rooms and separate sets of servants and equipages—quite in royal style, though he is

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only the son of a Duke of the First Empire. His grandfather was a postillion; as for a great-grandfather, I don't suppose he ever had any. Gala days coming for you, Mademoiselle." Giving Miss Power no time for reply, she slid into one of her monologues. "She will not keep you, to tell tales of what went on here."

Christian, being aware of Mademoiselle Virginie's habit of talking to herself, remained silent. But with the dim consciousness that always beset her after one of her self-betrayals, Virginie turned a sharp interrogating glance on Christian, and asked,—

"Did you speak?"

"No, Mademoiselle."

"Good morning," said Miss Virginie, hurriedly. "Good morning. My best compliments to Madame de Beaupré." Away she ambled. Christian over heard her saying, "Very well, Virginie; I don't think you looked your age to-day. But you mustn't be a fool. Don't believe Mangin's eyes. No, no."

The governess walked into the house, anxious to know what dependence might be placed on Mademoiselle Virginie's words. She met one servant after the other, and they all gave her a smile of intelligence. The young woman whose business was to look after the house-linen, said, "Good news, Mademoiselle!" What could Christian say? "You allude to Madame de Beaupré's marriage." The workwoman nodded assent, and afterwards assured every one she saw that the English gover-

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had told her that Mad
be married immediatel
It is rare that a false re
tion.

Madame Chuquet wa
Cristophe as he was com
tering into affable converse
lating feminine Gazette of
shortly after to inform all
she had it from unquestional
marriage would take place in
person knew that after the ma
Duchesse were going to Italy;
were invited by the Prince of W
great friend of Monsieur de C——
a brother than a friend. It was re
ceremony was to be performed by
of Paris, that the Emperor and Emp
asked to be the "witnesses," and h
in short, before another forty-eigh
passed, a regular programme of impro
in full circulation.

It was weeks since Christian had
hearted as after her colloquy with
Virginie. Before mid-day she had wr
off a letter to Madame Savoisy, with
intelligence. One paragraph ran thu

"Now that the danger is passed, I
uneasiness I have lately felt. It w
not to think that Madame de Beaup
ting cruelly with Raymond, and I

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aking play for earnest. Now there is all end to
ll nonsense; and if he has been a little scorched,
t will serve to put him on his guard for the future
against the flattery of great ladies. He reminded
me constantly of a poor stupid moth, which never
will allow itself to be saved."

Not one word of kindliness for Raymond in the whole letter, and yet Christian would undoubtedly have risked her life for Raymond. She would have nursed him through plague or fever, and been glad to do so; but at the moment she wrote that last remark, she hoped and wished that Raymond should be punished—mortified by this marriage. She would have been glad to have had some one at hand to whom she could have safely descanted on his willful folly and stupidity. She was in that mood when women enjoy saying hard things of the man who interests them.

Before she went to bed that night, Miss Christian Power had been set right as to Madame de Beaupré's intentions. Very sincerely did Christian regret her confidences to Madame Savoisy; there was no saying what the consequences might be when Raymond's mother came to know that Madame de Beaupré was not going to marry the Duc C—— G——. She must undeceive Madame Savoisy at once. The more she shrunk from the ability of Raymond becoming acquainted with what she had written, the more it appeared to her a slight of a duty speedily to enlighten Madame Savoisy. She dared not hope that his mother

would not write a warning letter to her so
what would Raymond think? He could
knowing that Christian Power was his
She would appear to him in the light o
She must write; but she would tell Raymo
self what she had done; she would give him
her opinion; let him quarrel with her if he
but he should not have it to say that s
underhand.

If Miss Power were convinced that th
going to be no marriage, it was more th
town was. It would not believe in any de
was too preposterous for belief that even
childish, half-crazy creature as Madame de B
would be silly enough to refuse the Duc de
G—— and his immense fortune. When di
of such folly became impossible, society sho
head sadly and angrily. Society always in
evil to those who do not follow the beaten
Madame Chuquet, being one of those pious p
who always suppose the worst, said "there
be no proper motives for such a refusal; if
were any good reason, why didn't Madame de B
pré give it. Whenever our actions required ex
nation, it was certain they must be blameable."

Madame de Beaupré had never troubled hers
as to what people might say of her. "So that th
do not say it to me, what does it matter?" s
asked. Up to this time she had been equal
indifferent as to who sought or who neglected he
In spite of society's disapprobation of her conduct

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er salon was as much crowded as ever. All save ne of her acquaintances appeared there with praiseworthy regularity.

Raymond Savoisy alone held aloof, although he also had come to the knowledge that the Duc de C—— G—— had been refused. The mere fact of his Grace having proposed, had demonstrated to the young officer more clearly than ever the wide distance between his position in life and that of Madame de Beaupré. In aid of the warnings of his own good sense, he shortly received, as Christian Power expected, a letter from his mother—eight pages of maternal advice and admonition.

His answer did not cover a half-sheet of paper. He wrote, "Yes, frankly, I love Madame de Beaupré. I love her with my whole being. She has the whole first-fruits of my heart. I do not ask from what source you have derived your false impression of her; I beg you not to tell me. Young, lovely, impulsive, generous, tender-hearted, her foibles are those of her age; she has the defects probably of her virtues. Such as she is, if the world were better than it is, she would only excite good will. Between liveliness, even volatility if you will, together with a girlish fondness for amusement, and lightness of conduct, there lies a whole world. Madame de Beaupré has never 'coquetted' with me, as you accuse her of having done. My eyes and my heart are alone answerable for what you, perhaps justly, call my folly.

"I shall avoid Madame de Beaupré's society, and

I shall seek to be exchanged
I ask of you, as a proof of
stain from any further disc
Let me bear my pain in peac

This was, however, more
could grant. She held it t
Raymond sensible that the
more important cause why
fallen in love with Madam
difference of worldly statio
were as naught in the balan
of creeds. To overlook the
get the latter, culpable. S
duty to his God and to his p
society of the Vicomtesse.
everything that a warm-te
rigid Calvinist would write to
to loving a Catholic woman.
was ever possessed by a greate
bitish daughter-in-law than was
for a Catholic one.

That second letter was a false
violent, too intolerant; it set
chords in Raymond's soul which h
silent. It is a painful epoch in
some one whom we have regarded
the run of mankind, suddenly drops
general standard. Our affection rema
—for the errors or weaknesses of a
trouble our minds without destroying
ments—but confidence and reverence ar

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Involuntarily Raymond felt that his mother's words were those of a partisan, of a Calvanist rather than of a Christian. No Roman bigot could be more dogmatic, nor limit more narrowly the circle of salvation.

Nor had Raymond needed his mother's severe exposition of his case to make him perceive the line of demarcation between him and Madame de Beaupré. He had seen his folly, but cherished it as better than the worldly wisdom of others. He had dreamed, as young enthusiasts dream, of never giving expression to his love—of a fidelity that asked for no reward. By forcing him to take the defensive, Madame Savoisy had developed what had been passive into active. Dikes and opposition serve sometimes to augment instead of conjuring the danger.

For some few days after she had dispatched her refusal of M. de C—— G——, it was a delight to see Madame de Beaupré. She looked like one who had entered into the possession of a great happiness; but this did not last long; there was a reaction; from gay and equable she became restless and irritable. That peculiar limpidity of the eyes which imparted such youthfulness to her face, had given place to a fever-heated look; the smoothness of her forehead was ruffled by a contraction of the brows that testified to the tyranny of some sad and painful idea.

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She gave a large soirée, to which Raymo
invited, but did not come.

The absence of her manner, and the way h
turned constantly towards the door of the
were signs not overlooked by her guests.
when you have nothing to hide, you will not
suspicion in the provinces. Men and women
provinces have plenty of leisure, and small res
of any kind to occupy that leisure. They eit
their minds go to sleep altogether, or they b
a species of amateur detective.

Many of those who were at Madame de Bea
soirée had no other interest in being there c
where, except to act the spy on their neighbo
ings. To such, the raising or the lowering
eyelid, the fall of a fan, gave motives for conj
or interpretation. There were persons in Mag
Sec who would sit silent through a whole even
entertainment not to lose the chance of overhe
what others said.

This evening the penetration of at least a d
of Madame de Beaupré's guests was actively
service to guess why their hostess looked so ill
disturbed. It could not have to do with the
de C—— G——, that was certain. Heads
been counted, and none of the usual *habitués* w
wanting. At last there was a glimmer of lig
The Commandant was heard asking the Engli
governess how it happened that Savoisy was absen
No, it was *not* possible! it was *not* within the limi
of probability that a woman who could have ma

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ld care two straws for a sous-lieu-
is no respecter of ranks," said an

.fty times, Madame de Beaupré had
ıe felt indisposed, in answer to har-
When at last the weary evening
: last guest had departed, she turn-
r and asked, "Has M. Savoisy left

."
see him?"
"
arreled?" This last question was
ı forced laugh.
"
›iselle, do answer something else
No."
ı I answer, Madame? M. Savoisy
y. I have not seen him, nor have
im." There was a ring in Chris-
proved that her mood was not
t pacific.
suddenly given up coming here?"
t tell, Madame," and Christian's
ıriously.
upré fixed on the speaker a long
en said, "Pardon me, Mademois-
ite credit that assurance, but I do
rour confidence."
he might have retorted, "That
re credit to that assurance."

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Madame de Beaupré was
encounter; she was the more
as to the cause of Raymond's
pause she began again, "I only
I have not offended him. I am
rude the last time he called; I
merely for the sake of contradic
silly to take offense for such a tri
no one will deny that—that M. S
real reason to complain of my civi
The last few words were uttered
tion of haughty indifference.
Christian remained silent.
"Pray don't let me detain yo
Good night. The party was a f
think so?"
"I thought people seemed as g
ame. Good night, Madame."
They separated with a very dec
ing to one another.
"Why did I ever come here?"
Christian; "and why did I ever sp
little dog's accident? Who coul
it would bring so much trouble to
"Make haste, Justine," said Mad
"I am so tired, I could cry."
She almost tore off her ornamen
wreath on the ground.
"There—roll up my hair—anyho
It was an inexpressible comfort to
head was burning; her body like ic

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Why did she feel as she did—so thoroughly miserable, such an aching void? Why did her heart tremble with fear? Why did she feel that she had lost all that was worth living for? What had she lost? Had she not everything that she had ever possessed?

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CHAP

A

Eight days went by
meeting between Raymo
pré. That this should b
Magny le Sec, when the la
ing or walking through th
proved a very acute sight
termination on the part of
Madame de Beaupré unc
was willfully avoiding her
own heart told her this av
ther from dislike nor ang
She believed that she could
of his conduct.

"Ah! stupid, stupid man
and could not distinguish b
sham—as if she could class
ard and Raymond Savoisy—
him of any meanness." An
of wild resolutions passed t
lutions that kept her in a
and crying. "She was so
right," but to one so imp
nothing more fretting than

At last she decided that s

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ifficulty. If he continued obstinate, she
et a vicious horse and make it run away
, on one of the days he was out drilling
iers. He should save *her* life, a very dif-
ffair from saving that of a dog, and *then*
uld he help himself, she should be glad to

ily for the safety of her little person, hazard
tiny decided that they should come to an
tanding without her having recourse to such
oic measure.

ut three leagues from Magny le Sec stands
gnificent château. Where once emperors,
s, and the greatest names of France were
of the noble Châtelaine, now a couple of re-
Paris shopkeepers display their newly-acquir-
endor. Monsieur Delbecque, ex-perfumer, is
oughly inoffensive man. That baptiser of
ties, Gustave Godard, calls him the "golden
rity." Had the nickname come to Madame
que's ears, she would have asked, "Who in
nses ever coupled gold and mediocrity to-
' Madame Delbecque, a severe-looking,
woman, considers gold as the *summum*
and having that, she feels assured of her
ty, and shows that she does so.

occasion of her first dinner to the neigh-
she kept her company waiting from seven
'clock, excusing herself by saying that it
"her women" that time to adorn her
amonds. From that moment she has been

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familiarly known in Magn
conde.

Madame Delbecque w
a native of Nismes, and a
not family in which there
was acquainted by reputa
and having seen Raymon
and ascertained who h
invited him to the chate

Now, the Chance whi
decreed that Raymond
to the Delbecques on th
Beaupré took a whim t
Golconde a morning vi
appear more fortuitous
utes before she ordered
Beaupré had not remem
Delbecques.

It was a fact of notori
que was never ready to
therefore become a rule
park or go to the green-hou
teau had made herself, acco
sion, "fit to be seen."

Ushered, as she expecte
the Vicomtesse said to the
"Call me when Madame is
the grounds," and away she

She knew the place well, an
of the main alley into one o
walks, cool and dark as the f

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thedral. She had not sauntered half its length when she saw before her a gentleman with a gun on his shoulder walking pretty fast. She did not doubt for half a second that it was Raymond Savoisy. She called out "Monsieur Savoisy!" but he could not have heard, for he suddenly diverged to the right—into some thick underwood.

Without giving herself time to think, she quickened her pace, until at last it became a run. When she reached the point where she thought Raymond had disappeared, she went bravely and rashly into the thicket, tearing her muslin dress at every step, and growing more obstinate as difficulties increased.

But she was unaccustomed to running, or to battling with brushwood, and at last, as might have been expected, a root caught her foot, and down she fell, uttering a piercing scream. Raymond was so quickly by her side, that it is lawful to suppose he had never been more than a yard distant.

The moment she saw him she burst into reproaches.

"It's all your fault, M. Savoisy. I have sprained my ankle, torn my dress, and scratched all my hands. Look!"

"Allow me to assist you, Madame."

"No; I can't get up—it *was* your fault."

"Do try and rise," he said, anxiously.

Why do you wish to avoid me? for I am sure that you saw me, and ran away. Did you

I won't move till you say yes, or no."

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"No, you shall not leave me. I will know why you have given up coming to see me, why you avoid me so carefully; for you *do* avoid me, or you would not have gone into that horrid brushwood."

There was a silence in which they were sure the beating of their hearts could be heard. At last Raymond said in a low clear voice,—

"I have avoided you, because I love you."

It was come at last; she had got possession of what she had been hoping, longing for.

Her reply was not immediate; then it came in a broken whisper.

"A strange proof," and half turning her face towards him, he saw it flushed, and tears clear as dew-drops on the cheeks.

"It *is* a proof, the greatest and best I could give you. Had I acted otherwise, you would have a right to accuse me as you did just now."

"Are you married?"

He laughed.

"I have never loved nor even imagined I loved any woman but you. I know now that I loved you from the very first moment I saw you. One evening you gave me your hand; you did so carelessly, but it made my heart like to burst, as now."

He hid his face in his hands, murmuring incoherent words that sounded like exclamations of pain and grief.

Madame de Beaupré had lost all her presence of mind; she was as shamefaced as a young girl.

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At last Raymond said aga
voice,—

"I have avoided you, becaus
She quivered, as if in mortal
Raymond went on, letting h
face,—

"I love you; I shall always
yours—heart, soul, body, my
threw himself on his knees b
hands on his lips, his eyes, h
"Do you believe me?"

"I believe you!" she could

"I need that you should
that I am all yours now and fo
will be the same thing. I nev

"Why not?" she asked, in
ling voice.

"Of what use? There are
am glad you should know.
good to be sure there are su
as constancy and faith; I wou
I could; I wish I might die
and he laid his head against

"Naughty, naughty!" I
she burst into a fit of hysteri

"Hear me out. Don't say
and his eyes flashed out two
have done what I ought not t
not to have loved you. I ou
you; but the strongest hear
times. Do not reproach me;

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"Why should you suffer? It is all a mistake." The poor little woman imagined he alluded to her fortune and rank as causes of separation. "I never did care for what people said; and if you don't like me to be rich, I can make myself poor."

The tenderness and generosity of her heart, reflected in her face, made it at that moment more the face of an angel than of a woman.

In a transport of love, gratitude, and admiration, he caught her in his arms, and held her to his breast. "I love you so entirely," he said, "that I would accept the sacrifice; but my sweet heart, there is something that separates us more fatally than difference of fortune or rank—it is that you are Catholic, my darling, and I am Protestant."

But Protestants and Catholics intermarry. We are both Christians. You might have been a Jew or I a Mohammedan; that would never have been!"

She looked sadly at her.

"Yes, you and I view the matter in one light. Your mother and father will do so in another. No doubt of their consent."

Madame de Beaupré turned deadly pale.

"And you will give me up?" Her voice shook with the effort to steady it.

"I have heard them say they would rather see us dead than married to a Catholic."

"It is dreadful!"

"Don't turn away from me," he said; and there was a break like a sob in his voice.

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. to say. I will be so good, if you

hat you please," he answered, ex-

ill go home with me now?"
d to dinner."
l stay. It's so strange. I can't feel

h the powdered head and gilt but-
eared in sight, with a glass of water
r salver.
; my foot," said Madame de Beaupré
footman. "Will you give me your
Savoisy?"
d no idea how much pain she really
one exclamation did she utter; she
ad said, "brave."
Madame Delbecque under arms,—
splendid new suit sent from Paris.
aments, her very chignon, only just

lace of her cap must have cost more
of her parish received as stipend.
elbecque having read or heard that
reserve of manner were bon ton, had
mation in her heart. She walked (in
if her limbs were tied together, and
, on principle, silent for five minutes at

occasion she was more than usually
much so, that Madame de Beaupré

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will do both, I hope, to-day," said
:que.
on't ask me to stay also?"
becque was a little confused by this
d. She was not sure whether to
roof of equality or of condescension.
Beaupré cut the matter short by
:annot refuse me, unless, by staying,
the thirteenth at dinner."
nly Madame Dubois, and the Presi-
bunal, and Madame St. Etienne."
s seven, counting you and M. Del-
e Comtesse, and M. Savoisy."
eputy."
not know 'Partant pour la Syrie'
rseillaise?' He makes eight; any
[make nine, the number of the muses.
; Savarin's recommendation."
ie rich Delbecque himself appeared,
wonderful Comtesse, Spanish from
e eyes and small feet.
:limpse Madame de Castro appeared
second, she decidedly belonged to
icertains."
e Juniata met Madame de Beaupré
smile.
coaxing Madame Delbecque to ask
e to-day. I do so want to stay,"
Beaupré to Monsieur Delbecque.
go down on my knees to ask you."
, Monsieur Delbecque, pray! I

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accept without that cer
me to see *you* in that pos

Seeing her eyes wande
ex-perfumer felt called on
young officer was invited
because he and Madam
proper—being, as they we
respect to the son of a Pro

"M. Raymond Savoisy
Madame de Beaupré haugl
and seated herself by Ra
conversation by inquiring,
Delbecque's portrait a gre
picture was a daub and a c

"You flatter me, Madam

"Oh! no indeed, M. Delb
ribly like."

Raymond gave her a litt
which enchanted her. It pro
he had authority over her
which he meant to exercise.
had moved away, she said,—

"I am going to be good an
the evening, but remember yo
with me."

"Not *tete-à-tete*," he said, wit

"I'll find some kind of drago

It was only too evident that s
the difficulties, nay, impracticabi
ation. Never had he seen her wit
it was transfigured by inward

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ed towards him. And yet Madame Delbecque
obtuse enough to seek her in order to say, as
ex-perfumer had done,—
I should not have invited M. Savoisy had I
ected to have had you, Madame la Vicomtesse,
the Comtesse."
You think we are too light-headed and silly
a man of sense."
he Princesse de Golconde was completely puz-
, and observed, "she must go and dress."
Pray do, chère Madame, and look, it is already
'clock. I hope you won't put on your diamonds
ay; you can show them to Madame de Castro
eir cases; they look best so, I assure you."
was only the pretty, petting, infantine tone
saved Madame Delbecque from perceiving
ame de Beaupré's sauciness. Luckily Ray-
l was at the other end of the room.
Madame Delbecque sacrificed the diamonds,
ng on only a reef of coral, dinner could be
d at a little after seven. A Countess having
dence of a Vicomtesse, Madame de Beaupré
ed Monsieur Delbecque's arm, and was con-
l instead to that of the President.
t us go as far as possible from the great
said the designing little woman, taking a
t table next Raymond, coolly displacing the
hich assigned it to Madame Dubois-Oudin.
Monsieur and Madame Delbecque remon-
she laughingly defended and kept her po-

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"Wouldn't the barbarian sacrifice his essences to you?" asked Madame de Beaupré.

"Ah, pauvre homme, he would have done anything for me; but what could he do? His linen was impregnated with those Oriental seeds and that attar of roses with which all Arabs perfume their robes; the case was hopeless. Pity the misfortune of my organization."

"I do with all my heart," said Madame de Beaupré, in a tone that made every one smile.

After dinner, which did not terminate till nearly ten, the Comtesse disappeared, and poor Madame Delbecque had to announce that the exotics had given Madame de Castro so overpowering a *migraine* that she had been forced to go to bed.

"She is an old friend of yours?" inquired Madame Dubois-Oudin.

"We met her last year at Ems; it was there we heard her sing."

"Oh!" was the comprehensive answer.

It then occurred to every one that they had a long drive before them.

Madame Dubois-Oudin had come with the President and his wife, and intended to return with them. To her surprise, Madame de Beaupré pressed her to accept a seat in her carriage. "To be frank with you, Madame Dubois, I want you to chaperone me; if you will kindly do so, I can spare Monsieur Savoisy a walk in the rain—for it is pouring."

Madame Dubois agreed, flattered at this advance

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: you, Madame, it is but a st . I have
to present you my homage."
tvoisy ! "
me ! " he approached the carria e door.
orrow—quite sure ;" she said in a low
tting her hand into his.
our orders, Madame," he said al
ne Dubois-Oudin had kept the
he had seen the termination of door
nter-

ncied that the young officer looked unsu-
e, as he turned away from the carriage;
s certainly something between those two
What?
ne Dubois-Oudin sighed noisily.
ing good, nothing good, I fear."
I *fear*" stood for "I hope." In a country
is so thankful for some excitement. Mur-
arson are welcome; in their absence one
p with a shocking scandal.

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I have

CHAPT

SIGHT HATEFUL!

When Madame de Be
eyes the next morning, sh
changed for her—that she
life; she could never retur
The fever of her spirits
with an inner trembling that
visit. There were people i
for whom there was somethi
and position—people who s
promises or arrangements wi
type of honor, her cousin d'E
cedence to the Duc de C—
tune; his other qualifications
hand, his talents, manners, vir
tion in a post scriptum.

As the day advanced, so did
thoughts augment, and the n
recall what Raymond had said
mother. It is to be remarked,
and morals, that not for an inst
Beaupré contemplate the possi
acting without the consent of
men or women in France can

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ourse to the "trois sommations respectue-
which are obligatory at all ages when the
consent cannot be obtained. The "trois
ons" weigh in the balance against those
e recourse to them, pretty much the same
unaway or clandestine marriages.
Madame de Beaupré's thoughts ran round
ary circle.
st M. Savoisy was announced. Scarcely
for the servant to close the door, she ran up
putting both hands into his, with, "You are
"
ave been writing to my mother."
had entered the room looking sad and grave,
was not long proof against the radiant con-
ent beaming from her face. Every gesture—
motion of her figure, was a revelation of her
d joy. They were young, they loved, what
er if hope gained the ascendancy?
will promise never to try to convert you. It's
likely you will turn me into a heretic, and
ime—time does all sorts of wonderful things;
nges everything and everybody. Let us be
e happy to-day, till we are sure we must be
opy." That was what the little lady said, and
with they fell to comparing notes as to all they
hought and felt from the very first day of
meeting. Hadn't it appeared to him as if he
always known her? Exactly. Ah! it was
erful how similar had been all their sensations
eelings.

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"I did not know—I could
were so good," exclaimed t
"I was not good at all
fore I began to care whether
Monsieur."

Then Raymond craved f
so lovely, so ethereal, so e
for such a rough clumsy s
and really true?"

"Contrast, you know.
I can't tell; there are mys
told—but really—and real

And the sun shone brig
came through the open
with the perfume of the je
Virginie's bower. They h
but that they were togeth
Every now and then small
chime of little silver bells
oiselle Virginie, who was
twenty yards from the op
de Beaupré's salon. Mader
on tiptoe, and peeping in,
of Madame de Beaupré's h
fine eyes fixed with a look
and admiration on the fai
him that her shoulder rested

Poor Mademoiselle Virgi
envy filled her breast. Nev
the like experience! and yet,
more worthy of a man's devo

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diminutive mortal. It would not have
rginie that would have laughed in such cir-
ces. Mademoiselle Virginie wished, in the
ɔrds as Desdemona, of whom she had never
that heaven had made her such a man"
ɜpt her watch as satan did of our first pa-
til she saw Raymond rise from his chair.
you not stay dinner?" pleaded Madame
ɔré.
: must do what I can to prevent idle

cannot prevent it, if you were twenty
ɔrudent as you are. The best way is not
vhat people say. No one attaches any im-
to what I do or say.
v his eyes darken into something very like
·e, and she added, "I told you I was not
I am going to begin to be so. I shall
any more of those dresses, you know,"
ıer head, "nor I won't laugh at people to
; or behind their backs. I won't read *those*
her; there, I promise not to be foolish;
are going to promise—say it after me—
I promise *never* to be angry with you, nor
erstand you, because though I know you
I know also you are not actually bad.'
ıond! I should break my heart if you
to think ill of me."
d not repeat the formula she had set him,
mething that satisfied her as well, for she
ushes, and smiles, and happy tearfulness

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when at last she allowed him to go. He wer
under a solemn engagement to come back the
day.

That same evening Madame de Beaupr
ceived a note in pencil from Mademoiselle
ginie:

"Could Madame de Beaupré grant her a priv
interview? It was of importance."

With a little disquiet as to what Mademoise
Virginie could have to communicate, Madame
Beaupré sent back an affirmative answer.

Mademoiselle Virginie appeared in one of her
most striking costumes—two long thick black
curls, pendant from her chignon, a transparent
white corsage, and a broad sash tied behind. In
fact, dressed like a girl of eighteen.

After the first compliments had been said, and
inquiries after the health of the two families had
been made, Madame de Beaupré, impatient to know
what had brought Mademoiselle Virginie, asked,—

"I hope it is nothing disagreeable you have to
tell me?"

Mademoiselle Virginie threw herself on her knees
before Madame de Beaupré, and said,—

"You can help me, if you will."

"Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle, what can be the mat-
ter?" asked the surprised and rather frightened
little Vicomtesse.

"I am wretched—the most miserable of creatures;
my sisters refuse their assistance. Madame de
Beaupré, help me to get married."

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Willingly; but how, Mademoiselle Virginie?"
Madame de Beaupré suspected the poor spinster
l quite lost her senses, and moved nearer the
l.

"You will keep secret what I am about to impart
you."

"Certainly."

"There are several persons who are not averse to
; there's Monsieur Oscar Godard for one."

"Really; has he ever said anything to you?"

"Not exactly; but I know when men admire me,
r put their right hand under their left elbow,
lean their heads on their left hand—the side of
heart, you know—thus," and Mademoiselle Vir-
e, still on her knees, took the attitude she had
ribed. "Now, Madame de Beaupré, Monsieur
ır always contemplates me thus."

"Pray, Mademoiselle Virginie, rise from your
s; you can talk to me much better sitting in a
ortable chair." And Madame de Beaupré forc-
e poor lady to get up.

"There are others. I see them at church."

"What do you wish me to do, Mademoiselle Vir-
?"

"Speak to Monsieur Oscar. I have a *dot* of a
ed thousand francs, in rentes upon the State.
inherit all that my sisters have. You can
t I shall make a devoted, loving, obedient
d I really shall. I shall take the greatest
avoid giving him any cause for jealousy.
been as wise once as I am now, you would

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o spare the poor foolish woman Justine's quiz-
g, Madame de Beaupré went herself to fetch the
net. When she returned, Mademoiselle Vir-
ie was standing before the mirror, coquetting
h her reflection. She had drawn one of the cur-
ns to obtain a favorable light. She was giving
y to one of her monologues.

And I shall wear white—certainly—a wreath.
ave a right—widows cannot—so much the worse
her. I wonder men can bear widows—all for
money."

Madame de Beaupré was thunderstruck. There
not a doubt Virginie was alluding to Ray-
nd.

he said sharply, "Who are you talking about,
Mademoiselle Virginie?"

Pardon me, I did not speak. Oh! what a love
bonnet. You are the kindest of persons to let
see it."

As it pleases you so much, do me the favor to
ept of it. I have never worn it."

You are the most delightful—the best woman
he world. Let us be great friends. I will call
Thérèse, and you shall call me Virginie, and
will tell one another all our secrets. Oh! I
w something."

I am very glad you like the bonnet," said Thé-
skillfully pioneering her visitor to the door.
will do for the fête of the 15th."

You sweet lovely creature, I adore you. Don't
afraid; I shall not tell." And away skipped

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Mademoiselle Virginie, as if she h
instead of forty-six.

If the gift had been prompted
bribing Mademoiselle Virginie, it
"The bonnet will put everything
crazy head," thought Madame de Be
are always wrong when we calculat
people will or will not do.

Raymond came the next day, and
that. "Come," said Madame de Be
you get your letter from Castelnaudar
what happiness I can. I have had so li
spent the greater part of each of these d
as forgetful of the outer world as thoug
been children of six years old.

No wonder Christian Power asked
were possible this was the same reaso
mond she had known. She forgave hi
detested Madame de Beaupré, as the ca
"falling away from his high estate." If
believe feminine logic, men are wax in
of women. The lovers told each other ev
of their lives. Thérèse (she could sca
herself called Madame de Beaupré, with
had given him quite a history of her gi
tragical history enough. She had never k
father. He had been found dead in one c
streets in the outskirts of Paris—shot th
head—his hat pressed over his face—
straightened—his walking-stick broken i
not robbed. Some said it was a suicide;

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an act of vengeance; some few calle
murder. She had no recollection of
having been sent to the Convent of
dines at four years old, leaving it at
marry M. de Beaupré, whom she h
twice before her wedding-day. She h
family ties. She had been handed
band by guardians as a piece of good
glad to get rid of, and did not care wh
"I have known what it is to be un
ond," she ended, "and I can assure y
ake me good. All this won't make
ss." He understood that she could no
lf to reveal to him the whole of her th
were possible, the knowledge of how
uth had been thrown away, redoubled
ss for her. There was no egotism in H
His story was very different. It wa
ronicle of home affections and dome
had never been separated from his par
day he put on a soldier's uniform. Ev
uttered carried conviction to her min
no common bond of affection which un
his family. She had begun to love hi
t common in similar cases) without an
reason, which some philosophers say is
way of loving; but now all the loose
at love were resolving themselves into
attachment, as she discerned in all he sa
ness and truth. The tender way he sp
other attracted her more than all the r

made her say, with eye
you are. Oh! how goo
He was contented to
seeking for any explanat
There was only one p
and Thérèse were char
Christian Power. She, b
sense peculiarly woman's
through all disguises; h
might unguardedly let fall
ten, and not in praise, of M
Before the end of the thi
sive explanatory meeting a
Princess de Golconde, the t
itself about those long daily
to the Vicomtesse.

As is easy to suppose, Mad
forgotten Mademoiselle Virgin
Mademoiselle Virginie, disgust
of friendship, had confided right
scene she had witnessed in the l
The story spread like wildfire.
were ignorant that their secret w
two elder Ladies de Tremerens he
held on this subject. To hear the
tions and surmises put forth, was
conclusion that the members of the
all gifted with second sight; that is
sight of evil. The very angel of ben
have fled affrighted from such an atm
The burden of all that was said, wa

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ne de Beaupré ought to know better. Women ·ere such geese; that young man was only think- ıg of her fortune; anybody with eyes might have een that all the advances were on her side.

Mademoiselle Solanges de Tremerens was able o affirm, on the words of their maid Victoire, hat "he and the lady" were always *tete-à-tete;* ıeither the governess nor the child were ever present. The child would not have been a great restraint, and it would have given a better look to things.

Something ought to be done; no one certainly had a right to interfere; but evil should be reproved whether in high or low station.

In many towns of France there is a "Society" or "Sisterhood" known as the Mères Chrétiennes. They have their special chapel in the churches; have their special religious services, to which only the members are admitted. On these occasions, papers called "Recommendations" are read aloud.

The "Recommendations" embrace a wide circle f topics. Sometimes they call on Providence to ive a son or brother a situation in a bank, or a usband some advancement; sometimes it is a ous outpouring against the extravagant smoking dancing or love of poetry in some near and dear lative.

While Raymond and Thérèse were still in that ıppy land where all the hues are those of paradise, meeting of the Mères Chrétiennes was convened the parish church, and one of the most learned

SIGHT HATEFUL, SIGHT

"Recommendations" ever list
aloud by l'Abbé Poulot. Th
Necessity of Prudence in Wo
the Protection of a Husband."
Jerome and his beloved daug
Augustin, Ste. Monica, the l
Furea, hurtled against the
Christian mothers like a well-
ketry. The peroration ran
words of St. François de Sale
be among wives and young
among flowers. The violet h
hides itself under large leave
it is to be found only in sha
the symbol of gentle devot
dejection of the solitary a
best becomes a widow.' "

A short, pithy "Recomm
this long one. It was a pr
"if a widow cannot resis
marriage, it might be one c
position."

Some said that the first
tion of one of the mothers
this Madame Chuquet s
which one of Madame Ch
that probably the Abbé
some of his learning, w
indignantly repudiated.
any man, and he not a fath
meddle with the "Recom

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piece of laconic advice was attributed to
ne Dubois-Oudin.
e "Recommendations" would have been co
ed failures by the believers in "special inter
on" had they not reached the ears of her
ose benefit they had been made. The only que
n was, how the knowledge could be communica
to Madame de Beaupré. It was a doubtin
rovidence to have any fear but that the
good-natured friend would be forthcoming.

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for a wife to a man of Raymond's class. It was one of Madame Savoisy's articles of faith that goodness and riches could not exist together. For her, the world was divided into goats and sheep: the former were the wealthy, the latter the poor. She admired the poor, invested them with all the virtues, giving all the vices to the rich. For her, Madame de Beaupré was, by her birth and wealth, condemned.

Salome, for whom Raymond had sacrificed so much, was very fluent about backsliders and idolators. She declared she would rather he were unhappy all his life, than happy at the cost of marrying a Catholic: "That's my feeling, dear Raymond, and I am persuaded it is a right one."

And he, who had been unable to witness her grief! who had given up for her sake a profession he loved for one distasteful to him; who had, according to the world's opinion, derogated!

Madame de Beaupré bore the shock bravely. She showed neither pride nor resentment; she put herself on one side to think only of him. Her tender assurances, her caresses, her offers of self-immolation, drove him half wild with love and grief.

"We have been very happy this last week," she said; "why should there be any change? Your family will not exact that you should give up being me."

"Thérèse, don't you know that the stake is not equal between us—that a woman is destroyed by

what is passed over as a jol
fifty lives to give in your
silence malignant tongues."
"But why care about the
"You don't understand,
look on you as a friend. It
ent, had I never told you
did not know that you lo
not water, in my veins."
"Suppose I don't care so
He shook his head.
"And you really mean t
see me any more, that we
strangers! but I can't, Ra
speak of it. The first t
morning, the last thought
What could I do with mys
you, Raymond,"—and she
orless as the whitest marble
and hands that clasped an
nervous spasms. He took h
her close, his head bent dow
that which trickled so hot
"Raymond, Raymond, don't c
don't cry, don't cry," and she
stroked his face, and tried to
things! what pain they suffer
struggled against their love; h
gled to do what they held as du
Ah! religion, religion, what
are exacted in thy name!

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Raymond was whispering in her ear—"I vow to you the same fidelity as if I were your husband. I am yours, soul and body."

"You will never forget me, Raymond—never, never?"

"The day I do so will be my last. You do love me, my darling? Give me one of these long curls." He had wound one round his finger.

She broke from his arm, ran to her work-basket, and in an instant had shorn off a handful of her beautiful hair. "Oh, stay, stay!" cried Raymond.

"What does it matter now? Do you think I care? Will you have my picture? I have only one; it was done when I was in the convent; it isn't Madame de Beaupré—it is little Thérèse, poor little Thérèse. Come and see it." She led him into a small room between the salon and dining-room, and there, arm in arm, they stood contemplating the likeness of a young girl of fourteen, dressed in the costume of a novice of the Visitandines—white cap and tippet, a black stuff dress, with wide sleeves. The arms were crossed, and the hands hidden in the sleeves, according to the habit of nuns. Nothing quainter and prettier than the sweet bright face, and the demure attitude, so in contrast to the laughing eyes.

"Will you have it, and always keep it?"

He bowed his head.

"I will send it to you. I had better have a case made, for traveling, and that people may not see."

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She talked fast; she was dreading he woul
farewell.
He said, "Yes," scarcely knowing to what
"Suppose we go to the wood, just to say
'o it," she said, eagerly.
"It is too late."
"Stay dinner, just this once; only this onc
the last time."
"As you please, my poor darling."
He felt as if all his strength were gone.
This respite threw Madame de Beaupré
spirits; you would have supposed her
influence of some great joy; it seemed so
Miss Power; but before the end of dinner
stood that Raymond's sadness and the Vicom
excitement were merely different expressions
same feeling.
After dinner was over, Miss Power was at
what to do. Nothing more disagreeable th
feel yourself one too many, and to believe tha
priety commands you to give your unwish
company.
As it often happens, however, what Madan
Beaupré had considered a trouble, proved a b
in disguise.
Victoire had informed the "ladies" tha
young officer had been all day with Madan
Beaupré. In a sudden attack of indignation
eldest of the sisters resolved to go and cate
culprit, and overwhelm them with confusion.
Christian was momentarily sorry for the V

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se when the lugubrious-looking Madem elle de
emerens entered the salon, and sat hers down
ith a solemn face on the sofa, fixing her e s full
scorn first on Madame de Beaupré, and then on
aymond.

Ten o'clock struck; eleven, half-past, and still
ere was Mademoiselle de Tremerens, though
ery one knew that her hour for going to bed was
lf-past ten.

Once at least, in a life, every human being goes
ough what Madame de Beaupré suffered during
se two mortal hours. Every one has at some
e or other to put on a mask, that the indifferent
the malignant may not see a heart's agony.
ry one has to talk lightly, to hide fears or sor-
s that are making the brow burn, the hands like

Madame de Beaupré's harsh, abrupt voice, so
ke her usual bird-like tones, her little nervous
h, made Raymond wince and quiver as if they
been so many stabs.

e old woman was pitiless. Her heart hard-
as she sat gazing at the widow of Anatole de
pré. She had had her unknown pain. In that
red bosom early love still lived, and in this
nt it would have been hard to decide whether
alousy of a rival, or jealousy that the dear
should have a rival, was what most agitated
Mademoiselle de Tremerens was taking a sip
t beverage, which, sweet at first, leaves so
a taste behind.

stian was enduring her own slow torture. It

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is hard, terribly hard, to have to sit by and witne the love we covet, bestowed on another. Christi would have given her life to exchange sufferi with Madame de Beaupré. "God help me!" mu tered her poor heart; and yet to look at her, y would have envied her calm.

The great clock of Nôtre Dame clashed out mi night; and so still was it within and without, th the reply made by every clock in the town w audible.

Raymond, who had remained in submission the pleading Madame de Beaupré's eyes, felt th necessity of taking his leave. As soon as he ros so did Mademoiselle de Tremerens.

In desperation Madame de Beaupré said,—

"Sans adieu, Monsieur Savoisy. I shall expect you to-morrow. At what hour can you come?"

"At your hour, Madame."

"Then I will say two o'clock. Will that suit you?"

"Perfectly."

She gave him her hand; ice could not have been colder.

"May I also request the honor of an interviev with you to-morrow, Madame de Beaupré?" aske Mademoiselle de Tremerens.

"Certainly, Mademoiselle; I will come to y either before or after I have seen M. Savoisy."

"Before, if you please, before."

"At eleven, then, I will go to you," said M ame de Beaupré.

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"Your arm, if you please, sir," said Mademoiselle de Tremerens, and carried off Raymond as a prey won by her skill.

Christian awoke suddenly with a start, not knowing what had awakened her; and in the dim, uncertain light of breaking day, saw a white figure, so slight, it looked a fairy, standing by her bed.

"Have I frightened you?" asked Madame de Beaupré, in a soft voice. "I have not been able to sleep. I have come to you as his friend. Pray don't look so cold. I am sorely in need of kindness. I have never been unkind to you, have I? I think I could love you, if you would let me; but lately you have been like a glacier to me."

Christian knew this was true. She was a woman, and not an angel; impossible to caress the hand that was robbing her of her treasure. All she could bring herself to say, was,—

"In what way can such an insignificant person as I am be of use to you, Madame?"

"You know—at least you must guess——" Madame de Beaupré changed the phrase. "You are so unfriendly because you do not think me good enough for him. I don't think I am; but he loves me—poor silly woman as I am; he loves me with all his great heart, and I——"

Emotion cut short the avowal that was making every nerve in Christian's body vibrate and ache.

"What is it you want of me?" she said, in a hopeless forlorn way.

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Madame de Beaupré sat down on the bed, and leaning forward, kissed the governess's unwilling lips, hard as stone, hardened by inward strife and anguish.

"You will help me for *his* sake; you are the only person in the world who can. I will tell you everything."

And then, her hands clasping Christian's, she told the simple story of their love, of the refusal of M. and Madame Savoisy to consent to their marriage.

"They are right," said Christian, and started at the harshness of her own voice. It smote on her conscience, accusing her of want of generosity, an of what pained her more, of meanness. It was mean love that shrank from sacrifice. She turn her head on the pillow away from Madame de Be pré, paused a little, then said,—

"Tell me what you wish me to do?"

Madame de Beaupré told her project; and th Christian disapproved it openly, and said such t only succeeded in fiction, she ended by agree do what she had been asked. Madame de Bea elastic sanguine nature threw off its desponde once. She left the governess with a heart f renewed hope.

It was far otherwise with Christian. Sh oppressed with doubts and fears. She had a to aid and abet what those for whose good o she most cared might designate a treachery to and she had done so not from pity or kind

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but pride—woman's pride. Had she refus could she have been sure that her refusal was not tated by jealousy? She hated—yes, she hated Mad ne de Beaupré, and that was the reason she had yi ded.

Christian Power had had a hard life of it. she had known none of the joys of youth. She ha ow reached thirty years of age, and the future prom sed to be as barren as the past had been. Why should this be so? She had seen many others without fortune, with no greater personal attractions, with fewer mental gifts than were hers, become wives and mothers. What was there in her that kept her outside the circle of joys and sorrows in which other women moved? Was all that power of self-devo-ion, of self-sacrifice, of which she knew herself cap-ble, never to be called into action for a husband nd children? Was she never to feel fond little rms encircle her neck, never to hear herself ad-ressed by the tenderest and sweetest names in all nguages—wife and mother? Why was this so? uch an existence as hers could not be called living; was vegetating. She would traverse life without aving more trace of her passage than a boat leaves the broad ocean.

As thus she meditated, the bright unsympathiz-; sun darted his first broad rays into the room. ere's no accounting for the vagaries of memory. scene of her childhood had risen up bodily be-e her. Her grandmother was laughing at her her grief at the destruction of a favorite doll; she heard now, as vividly as she had done some

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twenty years before, the weak cracked voice singing—

> Begone dull care,
> I prithee begone from me;
> Begone dull care,
> You and I can never agree.

Christian began to cry as a little child does. The tears came none too soon. The bow must break.

It is curious how much the same we remain in spite of all the suffering we go through in spite of our disappointments and disappointments. People go about their affairs, drink the world, dress in the fashion, eat, the heart laugh, criticize, listen to music, discuss and all without any heart left. Their long ago, and they have to carry about weight.

Persons in this plight are generally very of revealing the secret of what has happened them. They are, as a rule, agreeable. Having susceptibilities, you cannot offend them, nor their feelings; they have none. But when hear some one say to another in trouble, "it too, will pass," you may make sure that you discovered one of those with a dead heart.

No one would have discerned any external change in Miss Power when she joined Madame de Beaumont at breakfast. Her whole appearance was as and prim as it had been the day before, six months ago, or indeed as it was in those happier days when

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mber of the Savoisy family. Ne
ad become one of those who will
soul, "This, too, will pass."
le Beaupré, on the contrary, had
She was full of hopes and fears. S
stian a note, saying,—
oh! pray do; you cannot tell what a
to me to have some one to confide in;
whom I dare speak openly."
took the offered paper; it was a note to
and ran thus,—
you promise to come and see me to-day,
ou receive this I shall be already far on
Paris. It is in our interest I go, and if
ee you first I should tell you everything,
night dissuade me, and take from me the
upholds me.
not write to you during my absence, and
event of some necessity must you write
then Mademoiselle Power will forward
Mademoiselle has my entire confidence.
er as my best friend.
ye; think of me as I think of you.
ur THÉRÈSE."
istian returned the note, Madame de
id,—
nsider you my friend, and if you will let
y home shall be always your home."
had not yet reached the stage of
hich is one of the marks of her peculiar
she answered,—

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"My services do not m
are given unwillingly."

"Why do you shut your
try and love me a little, ju
for me to be so very, very r

"You must make allowar
nature from your own, Mada
reserved and unable quickly

Madame de Beaupré said, s

"I will trust, then, to time."

Mademoiselle de Tremerens
Madame de Beaupré's visit.
sent to inquire if the Vicomtess
appointment, she took back th
gence that the Vicomtesse had g
one knew where; she had not ev
with her.

"It was an indecent, mysteric
and, if not speedily explained, Ma
pré would have no one but hersel
any injurious reports that might get

This was what Mademoiselle de T
to Madame Dubois-Oudin; and Mac
Oudin answered,—

"Mon Dieu! what fools women are!

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CHAPTER XVI.

IN A STRANGE LAND.

Pasteur Savoisy, his second son Didier, and his youngest child Lina, a girl between thirteen and fourteen, were waiting at the railway station of Castelnaudary the arrival of a stranger guest.

Eight days previous to this evening, the family Savoisy had been thrown into perturbation by a letter from Miss Power. Christian had written to beg them to receive for a few weeks an acquaintance of hers, a Mademoiselle de Morville, who, from peculiar circumstances, had become desirous of understanding what were the differences of dogma between the Roman Church and the Protestant.

This request did not seem strange or overweening to these unworldly people. The only obstacles that crossed their minds was that expressed by Madame Savoisy, who exclaimed,—

"What will the priests say to our having a Roman Catholic in our house?"

The Pasteur answered,—

"I will run the risk of all they can say or do. I count all cost as nothing, if I can win one soul from error."

No better man, perhaps, ever lived than M. Savoisy, Pasteur of Castelnaudary. His family

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held him to be faultless; not even hi
would agree to his view of himself: "Th
a miserable sinner." But, superior as h
could not escape some taint of our commo
ity. M. Savoisy had the passions, and wa
the temptations which from the beginni
beset pious men. He would have had all
hold the doctrine he held—belong to the
ion to which he belonged. For those of
ish faith he had a special horror; he h
to be idolatrous in the literal sense of t
Neither he nor any of his family ever e
Roman Catholic church. He returned th
ous salutation with which the priests of t
greeted him; but he uttered under his
"*Vade retro Satanas.*" Mild as a dove on
nary occasions of provocation, let but a "S
"Frère" interfere in the slightest with a
tant, and you would have heard him fierce
as any Boanerges.

To present the Pasteur with the chance
ing a fellow-creature from the gripe of th
Woman, was to offer him an irresisti
Many a trap had he fallen into. Vagab
tending to seek for the truth, had oftenti
plentifully at his expense. No experienc
made him cautious of such advances
though some had asked him a price fo
version.

Naturally, Miss Power's recommen
sufficient guarantee for the honesty of

selle de Morville's intentions; it did honor, therefore, to the Pasteur's Christian forbearance that he listened patiently to his wife's further objections.

Madame Savoisy declared that there was something mysterious in such a demand, coming as it did just at this particular moment. On the whole, it would be better to send the lady to M. Verneuil or to M. Jacquart, both men of undoubted piety and knowledge, and more versed in controversy than M. Savoisy.

This was a hard blow; but the Pasteur received it with humility. He was, besides, not without experiences that, after having violently opposed any measure, Madame Savoisy's conscientiousness was apt to take the alarm, and caused her to modify, if not reverse, previous decisions.

During the day, Madame Savoisy propounded the question, this time of her own accord,—

"Why Christian Power had not been more explicit. She had never named this Mademoiselle de Morville in any of her letters."

"My dear wife, Peter hearkened to the message of Cornelius without any questionings."

"Ay," retorted the lady, "but the messenger said that the centurion had been warned of an holy angel."

"All good inspirations may be considered warnings of an holy angel," said M. Savoisy.

"And then Christian says not a word of this person's habits or station. She may be a whimsical

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fine lady. You see her address is
Faubourg St. Germain. How ar
'grande dame' comfortable?"

"Treat her as you do Salome or P
wife. If she be occupied with se
little more or less of luxury will
And I have had occasion to rema
high station are often of a great si
say she will not have such a fine
moiselle Beauvallon."

"Oh, Papa!" cried Lina, "an
to talk of people's dress."

"You are a good little girl
advice," said the Pasteur, kissing

A letter in the affirmative was
selle de Morville to her address i

It then became necessary to in
tion of the impending event.

The intercourse between the
flock was marked by much pri
He was in truth their shepherd, eq
tender for all; acknowledging no d
the richer and the poorer, except i
from the former—more of long-su
sacrifice and of humility. You co
ed no difference in the courtesy o
M. Beauvallon, the rich iron-maste
Buzelac, the stone-breaker. He
shoe-maker as well as with M. Bea
dine, the work-woman, sat at his ta
all ways treated as Mademoiselle

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short, M. Savoisy did come something near to the example set in the Gospel.

Women are more aristocratic by nature than men, and Madame Savoisy had never been able to reconcile herself to being shaken hands with by the unwashed of the Reformed Church of France. "It is even going against the custom of the country," she had pleaded.

"It is a sign of fellowship natural to those who feel themselves a minority set apart and looked down upon," was the reply.

"I am always willing enough to find fault with the Roman Catholics," returned Madame Savoisy; "but I cannot see that they persecute us at all."

"Then, my dear, accept the annoyance as a penance for want of humility. God is no respecter of persons."

Here the terrible child Lina interfered to say,—

"I think I have read somewhere in the Bible, 'Keep your hands clean,' and a great many of our people do not, Papa."

"I will preach on the necessity of outward as well as inward cleanliness, my dear."

Another trial for Madame Savoisy was in the great interest the female members of the congregation took in her and her children. They could go nowhere, put on nothing, that the excellent dames did not remark upon. The hair-dresser's wife considered it right one day to report to Madame Savoisy the observations made on her wearing a straw instead of a velvet bonnet during the winter.

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"It was not acting up t
wife, not to have a black
mas, as every other lady ha
Madame Savoisy knew w
when these tiresome, well-in
be informed that they were
lic in their house. The infor
the pulpit at the Wedne
meeting.

It had always been M. Sa
congregation clearly understa
knew how limited, and yet ho
the imaginations of the uninst
sow doubts of the purity of mini
was one of Satan's commonest tr

Naturally, these explanations w
attended by other drawbacks—th
discussions, narrow-minded disputa
seldom an open censure of the cour
the Pastor. But all this was better t
suspicion and misunderstandings.

The news of Mademoiselle de Morvill
visit was received with a general rustle
Half-a-dozen men followed M. Savoi
vestry to shake hands with him; one
joy; another hoped no harm would co
all were anxious to know when the la
arrive, and the schoolmaster inquired if th
should be cleaned.

"It would be of little use, my frien
sidering the national custom of spitting,

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swer, which produced a chor
."

lame Savoisy could scarcely extricate herself
he women. She had to promise to see Mad-
aen, the hair-dresser's wife, and Madame La-
of the toy shop, next morning.

lame Gaen was peculiarly alarmed lest any
should accrue to Didier. "I am not for
young men and women in the same house—
t though they were saints; weren't the
Catholic confessors always far too fond of
nitents? She had always heard they were,
she thanked God she knew nothing about

voluntary thrill of apprehension ran
Madame Savoisy as she listened to this
talk.

id afterwards to her husband, "I fear we
n too precipitate in agreeing to receive
"

oisy, in his well-known blue dressing-
Christmas gift of his flock, was at that
pacing up and down the room in the
composition. He was mentally gathering
hose arguments which he afterwards pub-
a pamphlet, under the title of "Why I
Roman Catholic," and which won him
n.

ooh!" he exclaimed, to a second ex-
Madame Savoisy's alarms. "We know
cessary for us to know. It is my duty

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to answer any call for spiritual information. When I am about my duty, I have no occasion to act according to worldly prudence. Some one has said, 'Every man's task is his life-preserver.' As long as I am busy with my task, there will be no dange for me or mine. So let me write, dear wife, a you make your preparations for our guest."

"I am sorry I must give her Raymond's The paper is all mildewed in Salome's."

"If it is disagreeable to you to use R room, put her into Lina's."

"No, I can't do that; it is too clo Every thing is vexatious to me about t never had such an unwillingness to se this Mademoiselle de Morville."

"That arises from this unfortunate mond's."

"It is, you must allow it, a curious able coincidence."

"I cannot see the coincidence, my

"Men are always so blind," Savoisy, as she left the room.

And now the reader knows pret passed in the interval between the Christian Power's letter and the M. Savoisy with his son and daugh evening Paris train, by which M Morville had notified she should arri

Monsieur Savoisy having some with the station-master, was permitt the platform. As the Pastor was on

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ıs who remember to be kind in small things, he
d asked this favor to spare his self-invited guest
e feeling of being a stranger among strangers.
The Pastor was kept during half an hour in a
te of great activity. The officials, to whom he
s well known, were amused by seeing him, at
arrival of every train, run after every lady who
any appearance of youth. M. Savoisy had
settled in his own mind that Mademoiselle de
ille was young. He even conjectured she would
tty; he had a veritable turn for romance.
last he made sure he had found the stray
he pounced on a young lady looking both
l and bewildered.
id, "I am Pasteur Savoisy. Are you Mad-
e de Morville?"
Yes!" and she seized rather than accepted
d arm.
you much luggage?"
One box."
n will see after it; we need not wait."
ssed through the *salle de bagages*.
my second son, Didier," said the Pas-

elle de Morville looked at him with shy

s is my youngest daughter, Caroline,
l Lina. Do you feel able for a walk?
mile from here to our house."
glad to walk," replied the stranger,
by the Pastor's arm.

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thaw it, and the chairs and sofas are as unyielding as solitude can make them. Had the poor trembling traveler been ushered into "mamma's room" with its confusion of papa's writing-table, the great work-basket, fishing-rods and old guns, dolls and cradles—these last now serviceable for holding raiment to be given to those who needed to be clothed—the poor traveler would not have had the inward shuddering that shook her from head to foot when Madame Savoisy just touched her hand.

M. Savoisy's appearance always gave the idea, to poetic people at least, of a calm evening after a troubled day; Madame Savoisy's that of resignation, or of some constant regret suppressed.

Didier came in presently; he resembled Raymond much as a poplar resembles an oak. There was a constant gentle swaying of his head to-and-fro, a sort of deprecating movement, which his elder brother could not be said to possess.

Mademoiselle de Morville's eyes, so the mother at once observed, were often straying towards Didier.

After the first hard searching introductory chords of conversation had been struck, Madame Savoisy proposed to her guest that she should take off her bonnet and traveling mantle preparatory to sharing in their evening meal. Madame Savoisy then showed the way up the broad stone stairs with quaintly carved balustrades to Raymond's room, the guest-chamber for the time being, a room as spacious and lofty as the salon, directly above which it was.

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The bed,
Paris, had c
backed chai
wall left be
table, under
phitheater of
"This is ve
ville, standing
smiling eyes.
"The work c
Savoisy, coldly,
ing of the dutie
happy to assist
"Thank you,
"Then I will l
you when suppe
Every one had
Morville's peculi
and Didier were
quite a beauty.
"She is pretty
voisy.
"Glorious eyes
"I wish you w
geration," said hi
"The glorious
when they appea
sides that, there
delicate about th
heart softened tov
Nothing more s

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rrangements. No table-cloth, which would seem trange to English people; but there were table-apkins. Tell the French that these last were rari-ies in England before the last quarter of a century, and they wonder how we managed, and evidently think us pigs. And we, on our side, lift up hands and eyes at the sight of soup served on oil-cloth!

After supper they returned to the salon, and Lina having brought a small table and placed it before her father, fetched a folio Bible, and put it on the table; then, as if it were a necessary part of her office, she threw her arms round her father's neck, and hugged him till he was half suffocated.

Upon a sign from her mother, Lina presented a New Testament to Mademoiselle de Morville.

M. Savoisy, opening his Bible, said,—

"We shall begin our worship by continuing our reading from where we left off this morning—the third chapter of the first of Corinthians."

"Find the place for our young friend," added the Pasteur, perceiving that his guest was seeking helpessly to find the chapter indicated. It was indeed he first time Mademoiselle de Morville had ever ad a New Testament in her hand.

After the reading they all kneeled down, and the asteur prayed aloud, adding to his usual interces-ons for the family, a peculiar and touching peti-on for the stranger within his gates.

Lina, who, to be honest, was more occupied by ıe stranger than by the prayers, thought Made-oiselle Morville must be ill, for she could see the

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adame Savoisy's voice brought a
Madame de Beaupré's face.
He knew nothing. Oh, have
mercy! It's all my fault."
er rushed Lina.
ma! you *shall* forgive her! you
and bursting into a paroxysm of
irl flung her arms round Madame

dreadful—all wrong together,"
sorely troubled and perplexed.
go directly to your own room.
way. Martha," he said to his
oice, "help me to raise Madame
position is unbefitting one mor-

wife supported the Vicomtesse

ion."
oisy was placing it under her
d and laid her cheek on Madame
g,—
at it was to have a mother."
her eyes, and there was an un-
e Pasteur and his wife were
r's face.
young she is," thought M. Sa-
all, delicate figure!"
liar air which belongs to the
e same immunities as the lilies
vn Lina looked more capable

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just woman, recollected that *her* husband had left *his* mother for her sake; and she excused her unfriendly feeling by adding,—

"If she were only worthy of him I could have given him up; but to fix his heart on a Catholic, and a woman of the world—the trial is too hard."

Suddenly Thérèse opened her eyes, and fixing them intently on the husband and wife, said, "What will you do?"

"Let us leave all agitating discussions till to-morrow," began M. Savoisy. "We are all too much excited to have the full use of our reason. My dear young lady—for indeed you look very young—go to rest in the certainty that you are among friends; believe that we will do our best for you. I gave you a welcome as a stranger, now I welcome you as one in whom I take a fatherly interest."

His calm voice and look rebuked the waves of passion heaving the bosoms of the two women before him. The impulsive Thérèse seized his hand, exclaiming, "Oh! you are good, really good. I will obey you in all things. I will do nothing you tell me not to do."

The Pastor smiled kindly on her.

"Then I bid you make no rash promises, but go to bed. Do not forget your prayers, asking sincerely for help and guidance from your Father in Heaven. Good night, poor pilgrim."

Madame Savoisy accompanied Madame de Beaupré to her bed-chamber.

"This bell," she said, "communicates with my

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room in case
me to assist y
The assista
put out her ha
"Will you kiss
Madame Sav
lightly on Mada
Thérèse, durin
battled with slu
those delicious re
pleasant memorie
closed her eyes, d
bring forgetfulnes
had vanished. Sh
a strange country
of the language.
with that panic w
into poltroons; sh
Madame Savoisy i
inaccessibility muc
rock would have c
Raymond's mother
which makes an Ar
and salt of some po
She passed the ni
expectation. Her h
argue her case: to
would say, and to co
pass hours and hours
gle with one besetting
ing it, always to reac

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CHAPTER XVII.

PARENTAL COMMUNINGS.

"Of all extremes," says a modern critic, "the most dangerous, perhaps, is that of excellence; at least it is the most difficult to correct. The culprit has a right to his own approbation, and none know in what way to reproach him. For instance, Cato! His misfortune was to know no measure in his virtues. His desire to be firmly consistent in his opinion made him deaf alike to the advice of friends and the counsels of experience. The practice of life, *la pratique de la vie*, that imperious mistress, to use Bossuet's words, had no hold upon him. His energy degenerated into obstinacy, and his probity into over scrupulousness."

Madame Savoisy's was one of these honest absolute natures. It was always "Nay" and "Yea" with her on all occasions. She ignored palliating or extenuating circumstances. She might be said to be incapable of balancing the two sides of a question. From the first moment of suspecting her son's admiration for Madame de Beaupré, her decision had been taken. She would never consent to his marriage with a Roman Catholic, let the consequences be what they might.

If she sat late into the night by the Pastor's

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side, it was not to argue or to listen
It was to share her sorrow with him.
nance had lost that marble rigidity w
such a chill to Thérèse's heart. Tear
her eyes, and were silently wiped awa
than once. "My poor wife!" exclaimed M. S.
in hand, as they had done in many anot
From time to time, broken sentences dr
their lips. They were sitting side b
"Whatever happens, is by the will c
shall acknowledge some day, with rev
the present trial has been sent for some
murmured the Pastor.
These were words of habit, which
pronounced, than he felt that they di
with them any balm. Suffering, eve
elect to suffer, is not to be conjured
strongest faith. It always has been
will be difficult for mortals to achieve
feeling when the heart does not reb
lips which say, "Thy will be done."
M. Savoisy had had his share of
of life; he had not escaped, more than
examples of virtue of all times, from
tongue of calumny; he had known t
seeing a beloved child in danger of
had never endured before the b
between his faith and his affections.
testify to the truth of what he had
preached, that the Protestant was

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church, that the Church of Rome was an idolatrous church, her priests false teachers, by crushing out all the joy of his first-born's young heart.

"Poor young things!" said the Pastor, and put his handkerchief to his eyes. "She is a pretty, loving creature. It is a pity they chanced to meet. Very inscrutable are the ways of Providence, and all arising, too, from our interference about Christian Power."

"Yes, she is pretty, and she is young," said Madame Savoisy, "but not so young as not to know what she is about. She is not an inexperienced girl. She has been a wife. She is a mother. We have had descriptions enough of her mode of life, and of the persons surrounding her, to prove that she is no novice as to men's admiration. From the first, she must have been aware of the disparity between her and Raymond. It was the instinct of the coquette which drew her to him—she felt that he resisted her. Yes, my boy did try to escape her toils."

The Pastor stroked his wife's hand as he always did when she was angry or excited, murmuring to himself, "What strange creatures women are." Then aloud, "By-the-by, what did Christian Power mean by aiding this lady to come to us under a false name?"

"Who can tell what were the arguments used? She has been over persuaded."

"Christian was not easy to persuade," returned the Pastor, doubtingly. "It is a raveled skein,

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and one we shall not unwind without
many a thread. My dear, I should li
over Raymond's letters during these
months; let us see that we have not
overlooked signs of a growing evil."

Madame Savoisy took a packet of letters
folded and arranged according to date fro
desk.

"Read them to me, my dear," said the P
"Begin at the one in which he mentions me
Christian Power."

In this letter Raymond gave a ludicrous acc
of what he called his mock heroic act, adding
he wished it had been some poor body's dog
had saved, instead of the pampered pet of a
woman of the world.

For a couple of months afterwards there wa
further mention of Madame de Beaupré in
young soldier's correspondence, though he w
much of Christian, and expressed his satisfac
that she had at last found a pleasant situation.

"That says something in favor of Madame
Beaupré," observed the Pastor. "I remember
Christian herself writing that it was impossible
to love this lady."

"She added also, that it was equally impossi
not to disapprove of her," rejoined Madame
voisy.

"Well, well!" said the Pastor, "read on."

"In the letter announcing Raymond's promo
Madame de Beaupré was mentioned at len

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There was a page at least full of admiration beauty, grace, and, above all, of her kindly to himself.

"And we read all this and never foresa possibility of danger," ejaculated the P "Though, how could it have come into our that poor Raymond and this wealthy Vicom could meet on equal terms?"

"A princess might be proud to be loved b man like Raymond," flamed up Madame Sa "It is not every day his equal is to be met and certainly not among the young officials of country town."

"The issue proves you are right, my dear; but it is a judgment after the fact has occurred. The pity is, that neither you nor I perceived what we now allow to have been a probability. Go on, Martha, let us not shirk our share of blame."

Gradually Madame de Beaupré's name ceased to appear in the letters. But occasional slips from the heart to the pen might have warned the parents that the writer was under the influence of some new and strong emotion.

Raymond had never been given to anything like morbid feeling or to self-lamentation; he had taken his trials cheerfully; it ought therefore to have ex-ited attention when he penned such phrases as, There are moments when I forget reality; when ne things of this world pass before my waking res as if they were the phantoms of a dream." gain, "Sometimes I envy those among my com-

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rades who seem incapable of any but light fleeting impressions. Perhaps such natures the best suited for us mortals, who can hope o for short moments of happiness amid long years suffering." Further on, he said, "Sometimes ask myself if we are not born into the world s ject to a peculiar destiny from which we have power of escape. If so, of what use is it struggle?"

Then came the answer to that letter of Mada Savoisy's begging Raymond to cultivate the "b Poplus," and warning him against intimacies w those out of his sphere; the whole seasoned covert blame of Madame de Beaupré.

The reply ran thus,—

"I do not know, nor wish to know, from wh you get your impressions of the lady you censu so severely. I will not hide from you—why shou I?—that on a further acquaintance, all my u founded prejudices against that person have va ished. The most tender and generous heart in t world is sometimes carried away by a giddy litt head; but the nature, perhaps excessive in a things, is good, undeniably good. It must be s to have resisted a faulty education and the infl ence of her surroundings. Above all, she is pe fectly natural and spontaneous; she does not kno what it is to do evil. I beg of you, dear mothe to spare your animadversions of one whom you son highly respects, and who is a stranger t you."

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"My poor boy!" sighed the Pasteur.

"To think of Raymond being beguiled by a mere pretty butterfly," observed Madame Savoisy.

"Dear wife, I begin to perceive something very different from a butterfly in Madame de Beaupré. By the step she has taken in coming here, she has proved that neither rank nor fortune, nor the approbation of friends nor of the world, have weighed with her against Raymond—poor and undistinguished by birth or fame. She has humbled herself to us, when she might be pardoned for believing that she conferred honor on us. True love requires strength of heart; it is as rare as the four-leaved trefoil Lina hunts after so sedulously and so vainly. I wish almost that she *had* been a butterfly; our task would have been easier."

"Men judge women differently from what their own sex do. Madame de Beaupré's coming here seems to me unfeminine—more like the effect of caprice than of steady feeling. Raymond himself allows her to be giddy. I assure you that after this step of hers, even had she been a Protestant, it would have been difficult for me to reconcile myself to receiving her as Raymond's wife."

These were Madame Savoisy's last words that night.

It is now necessary to see what was saying and doing at Magny le Sec.

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CHAPTER

MAGNY LE SEC O

A WEEK had elapsed sin
departure, and that she w
be forgotten, when one
Demoiselles de Tremerens
confidant rushed into thei
sual want of deference.
stretched hands.

"It's the end of the w
—Mesdemoiselles, fine new
tesse has got——"

Victoire stopped and m
handkerchief.

"Madame de Beaupré h
three sisters together, in o
"Oh, ladies! I cannot,
whole town is full of it. Y
ner of the streets. The gen
laughing."

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
ing about?" cried Maden
violently excited.

"Victoire, will you be so o
what you are dying to tell," sa
sisters, authoritatively.

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"No, Mademoiselle, no one shall have it to say that I spread reports. Cart-horses shan't draw from me another word; but I advise Mesdemoiselles not to go out. They had better send for Madame Chuquet."

"You are a fool," observed Mademoiselle de Tremerens in a downright passion from baulked curiosity. "I should like to see the man or woman in Magny le Sec who would venture to offend a de Tremerens. Go, and tell the Englishwoman to come and speak to me."

Victoire flounced out of the room, muttering,—

"It doesn't matter to me; it does not hurt me."

"I thought how it would end," said one.

"How?" asked another.

"Why couldn't she go and play her pranks in Paris, where no one would have known or cared what she did. But here, under our very eyes, it is unpardonable," said the elder.

Miss Power made her appearance. Hitherto she had only seen "the ladies" after they had been under the hands of their "coiffeuse," and when they had attired themselves for receiving visitors. For an instant the governess doubted whether these three old women in short bed-gowns, their grey hair all unkempt, could be the grand Mesdemoiselles de Tremerens. The proverb only says that *beauty* unadorned is best. For elderly ladies, dress is of great avail.

"You have heard, no doubt, the scandal about Madame de Beaupré."

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"Where is
"What mad
These three
like so many
Miss Power
first question.
ame de Beaup
"Very sing
ens, sternly.
"Virginie,
Mademoiselle
Mademoise
her younges
on,—
"Victoire
lic as if the
"What is
"But you
is?" said th
debate.
"And yo
reason for th
elle de Trem
"If I were
bed," said
her secret th
"Virginie,
her second si
"Madame
She desired t
her notary in

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write to Madame la Comtesse and make your inquiries of herself," said Miss Power.

"And you mean to tell us nothing more?"

"If Madame de Beaupré had placed any confidence in me, I should certainly not betray it."

"What? not if you were aware that her reputation was attacked?"

"When there is no foundation for scandal, it dies away of itself. Would you be so good as to inform me what is said about Madame de Beaupré's journey?"

"I always did hate the English," soliloquized Mademoiselle Virginie; "they are always as tall and as stiff as so many towers."

"If I had known, I should not have had to trouble you," said Mademoiselle de Tremerens. "It's something too bad for Victoire to tell us."

"Indecent, of course," muttered Mademoiselle Virginie.

"And you suppose I have more courage to shock your ears than Victoire. Oh, Mademoiselle, it is those who give credence to an evil report, who invest it with life," retorted Christian.

"You forget, Mademoiselle Povère, that the same roof covers us and Madame de Beaupré. It is impossible for us single women to remain quiet under the supposition that light conduct has been going on within the very walls of the family house which shelters us. It's our duty to know particulars."

"This is like sudden madness (*un accès de folie*)," said Christian, "I will not stay to hear the person

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maligned whose bread I eat," and w
she turned and left the room.

"These Englishwomen! no manners
Mademoiselle de Tremerens.

There was no necessity for "the ladi
out to seek for information; it came to th
Madame Chuquet first appeared.

"You have heard, of course? dreadful, ie
They say all the servants and workwomen
weeks ago. She stayed to the last momen
enough to make M. de Beaupré get out
grave."

"The Englishwoman denies it."

"Of course, she is a Protestant as well
young man. For my part, I was always a
her having that Englishwoman. There is no
standing those English; no expansiveness, a
wanting privacy."

Madame Dubois-Oudin followed.

"She had suspected something after that
home from the Delbecques. She had seen te
the Vicomtesse's eyes when M. Savoisy refus
go home with her. When a man is rude
woman, we all know what that means."

Visitors to Tremerens House poured in all
It seemed as if they really had expected the
to speak. What one advanced as a conje
became in the mouth of the next a certainty.
tide of scandal rose higher and higher; th
words people said on meeting, were, "Well
have heard; what do you say?" and the a

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was either a significant shrug, or a more significant laugh. There were even some who would give you to understand that "they could an' they would" tell you things of the *past* that would show you the *present* was nothing extraordinary.

At the Casino, a grey-headed man, who had often sat at Madame de Beaupré's table, told the story in words that seemed borrowed from the galleys. One or two prudent men slipped away to avoid being led into giving an opinion.

An austere lady pronounced her verdict, that "Since women had allowed their husbands to give men's dinners, and had themselves taken to sitting in the smoking-room, there was nothing astonishing in Madame de Beaupré's conduct."

One of the *bande des folles* ventured a remark, that, "Surely, Madame de Beaupré, with her fortune, and able to do exactly as she pleased, would never have waited until concealment became impossible. She might have gone to Switzerland or Italy, and who the wiser?"

But this reasoning was scouted, as was the proof that there was a physical impossibility against the accusation being true, the acquaintance between the accused being too recent.

We know that there was just one philosopher in Magny le Sec: the man who lived in and with his books. The scandal penetrated even into his library. He laughed long and heartily.

"Let Madame de Beaupré come back," he said, "and I wager all I possess that there will be a pro-

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cession to her house, and
the most venomous again
appear in her salon."

Raymond Savoisy was
report against himself and
it did reach him, he wen
Power, and insisted on k
de Beaupré was. Christian
at sight of his face. His ey
ing coals; the bronze of his
to a livid hue.

"If I could only discover
lie!" he exclaimed; "but no
sprung forth as the plague doe
corruption and dirt. Everybo
accusation; they heard it here,
never was there more pruden
'Pooh, pooh, my dear sir! I n
dal—never believe it—who do
time it is taking root. These
are as slippery as eels." He sto
breath, then said, "Now, then, w

When he heard that Madame
gone to his father and mother—ha
journey alone, she so accustomed
by all the observances of rank, he
hide the tears that welled up to his

"My poor darling, and they will
to deny her, to say no; and they wi
gious consistency. She renounces f
friends, because she loves me with he

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ful heart, and they will tell me that because she has been taught from infancy to believe something more than we do, because she crosses herself and we do not, that it would be a sin that she should be my wife. I'll tell you what, Christian, it is enough to make a man forswear religion of any kind.

Christian resolutely put aside her own pain, as noble-hearted women do, to soothe Raymond's. What wonder, though, if there pierced through some of her words that which made her lot bitterest. She said, in conclusion, "Your trial is hard, but it is not one which lays low a life; you love and are beloved in return."

"Yes, God bless her," he said, fervently; and a brightness spread itself over his face, and his eyes assumed the expression of one who contemplates a blissful vision.

Christian recalled him to reality by saying, "I am going to write to Madame de Beaupré."

He started. "What's the use of writing? Letters never fully explain a situation. I shall ask for a week's leave. If I am refused, *you* must go, Christian. Though they would ruin the happiness of their son, I believe my father and mother will have some regard for his honor. Tell them that it is said I now *refuse* to marry Madame de Beaupré. Oh, my God! and I can do nothing to punish the liars. If my parents hold out, I know what I have to do, and I promise you I shall not swerve from my determination."

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As he was
blance of a rec
"Shall I see y
"Without d
She smiled a
as he would do
even a thank y
her; it's nothi
more polite: gi
obtain her ends.
selfish brutality.
So mused po
time through wo
to herself to hav
no longer sound
Duty, it was frigl
duty during a lon
pense. It would
at that moment
great consoler; th
joy, still has a lim

In the meantime
the Commandant's
whom Madame de
cause he would not
voisy.

Major D——, as
made known his req
at the motive for th

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not a popular man; he was reserved, and had an irritable temper; the explanation for which was, that he was poor, and had a wife and two daughters. When, within a twelvemonth from this date, Major D— was appointed to a lucrative post, he became renowned for kindliness, and was universally liked. The Major little thought at the moment that the good-nature he was showing to his young subaltern was to be the mainspring of the prosperity he had been seeking in vain up to his fiftieth year.

The moment he saw Raymond he held out his hand, saying, "You have come no doubt to speak of the infamous reports going the round of the town; I don't believe one syllable of them, except perhaps that of there being some mutual liking between you and the lady. No offense," he added, seeing Raymond's face flush. "I may say I have been a sort of confidant from the first. The dear woman came to me to insist on your being made an officer, and a towering passion she was in when I tried to explain that there were difficulties in the way. I am persuaded she had something to do with your promotion."

"Do you mean that Madame de Beaupré interested herself for my promotion?" asked the astonished Raymond. "At that time we were not acquainted."

"Without any doubt she interested herself. She is a true woman; what she wishes for, she will have—a charming, warm-hearted creature. I don't see

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what the devil
between you.
in your applica
to marry. I w
These were
Raymond had
all commenta
lukewarm, and
thy. His he
frankness, and
obstacles arisi
his parents, a
a mixed marr
"You asto
supposed Pr
selves."
"And the
adds to the
were he to c
as both Prot
yielded from
"My goo
'La Fontain
Old Man, hi
read histor
accepted."
Raymond
the best in
stances ofte
wisest couns
Major to gi

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see what his personal influence could achieve with his parents. He ended by saying, "I will confide to you what is a secret; I only knew it myself this morning—Madame de Beaupré is at this moment with my family."

"Then the matter is as good as settled," said the Major, laughing. "She has a will of iron. Take your leave, and come back and triumph over all these scandal-mongers."

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CHAPTER XIX.

MADAME DE BEAUPRÉ'S RESOLUTIONS.

It is one thing to decide what we will d
quite another to put our decision into exe
For instance, Monsieur and Madame Savois
irrevocably determined to refuse their cons
Raymond's marriage with a Catholic, an
Pastor had settled to make this determinatio
to Madame de Beaupré the following day.
when she joined them at the breakfast table,
were all struck with pity not unmingled
compunction. Her face was colorless, the very
were white, and, in spite of an evident effort at s
control, quivered ominously every time she attemp
ed to speak.

"Do you think she is going to die, Mamma?"
whispered Lina, in great excitement.

"Don't be silly," was all that Madame Savoisy
said; but her manner became almost motherly,
almost caressing to her unwelcome guest.

"We must let her recover from the first shock of
disappointment," was what the Pastor said.

Madame de Beaupré, feeling the change from
the severity of the night before to the kindness
and consideration of to-day, jumped to the conclu-
sion that her cause was gained. Under this impres-

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sion, something of her natural self reappeared,—something of that wild, animated, romantic Thérèse who had won Raymond's heart. She was so evidently desirous to please them all, that every passing hour made them view with greater pain the impending explanation.

Then there was disunion in the camp. [illegible] had become like Madame de Beaupré's shadow. [illegible]ier, the very incarnation of a Huguenot, was [illegible] of admiration for the beautiful high-born lady, who had had eyes to discover, and heart to appreciate, Raymond's merit, and expressed such vivid regrets that they sounded very like arguments for a capitulation. That was all the support M. Savoisy found in the bosom of his own family.

The second day he decided to make known her sentence to Madame de Beaupré. She, lulled by a false security, had slept well; and when she appeared in the breakfast-room, it was with a smile that made them all feel as if a ray of sunshine had entered the room with her. She greeted the Pasteur and his wife with such a sweet, affectionate manner; she raised such loving eyes to them, that their words and looks involuntarily reflected hers. To have seen her seated at table, by the Pasteur's side, you would have supposed that she had always lived in the same simple style. She ate of the plain fare with the appetite of one who relished it.

M. Savoisy, during breakfast, proposed to her to go with him for a walk into the country. Castelnaudary, like all the places in that part of France,

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has its traditions of religious conflict
Pasteur imagined that he should find in
an introduction to the painful subject
discuss with her.

He left the house with the intention o
her understand that his resolution against
marriage was inexorable.

They had scarcely set out when th
accosted by the Juge de Paix, who, at on
evident his desire to be introduced to
with such a high-bred air to whom M. Sav
giving his arm. The Juge de Paix was a
mous in the town for his erudition, and in
lar for his perfect knowledge of all that re
the antiquities of the department. He was ch
by the stranger's beauty, piqued too by the s
thing of mystery attending her arrival. There
no refusing his polite offer to be her Cicerone. T
description he gave of gladiatorial fights and o
martyrs, was both historical and dramatical, but
not theological. M. Savoisy had lost his opportu-
nity.

In the meantime Madame Savoisy had been
perusing a letter which had thrown her into the
greatest perplexity. It was from the Poplus, to
their relations in Castelnaudary; and these last
being members of M. Savoisy's congregation, had
considered it their duty to put it under cover to
the Pasteur's wife.

No wonder Madame Savoisy was in consterna-
tion. The Poplus had penned a very precise detail

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of all those scandalous reports about young Savoisy and Madame de Beaupré forming the staple of conversation at Magny le Sec. "Ce bon Monsieur Poplus" was, in fact, angry at Raymond's not admiring his daughter; and his account might have served as a criminal indictment against the sous-lieutenant and the Vicomtesse.

Madame Savoisy's first impulse was to disbelieve every imputation; her faith in her son, and the impression made by Madame de Beaupré, inspired her with a moral certainty that the criminal accusations were odious fabrications.

Then came after-thoughts. Madame de Beaupré's singular journey—her agitation—it was surely scarcely natural in a woman of her position to come in person to beg their consent. Why had she not allowed Raymond to do so first. The only excuse for such an extravagant proceeding was, that the scandal had some foundation.

Only those who require, as Madame Savoisy did, unblemished purity of action, can comprehend the anguish that pierced her heart when she had to contemplate the possibility that her son, hitherto the glory of her life, had been untrue to the principles he professed. Agitated by suspicions, as she was, she could not trust herself to meet Madame de Beaupré again; she shut herself up in her own room, desiring Lina to say, "that she was unable to appear"—neither more nor less.

The Pasteur had sought his wife immediately on his return from his unfruitful expedition. When he

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had taken cognizance of the contents of
letter, he said,—

"I must have Raymond's explanatio
matters, before I give credence to suc
There has been enough of imprudence,
but if he confesses that one tittle of what i
against him be true, the marriage will
necessity."

"You will consent?" asked Madame
"that will be giving a premium indeed to
duct!"

"Wait a little, Martha. I shall not cons
I shall insist on his making use of the right
legally to summon us to accord our consent.

"To be forced to have recourse to such a
will be hard enough penance to one like Raym
I am thankful now that I was unable to speak
Madame de Beaupré this afternoon. I was impa
tient of the Juge de Paix's interruption—another,
among many proofs, that even in what are com-
parative trifles, how much more wisely things are
ordered for us, than we would order them for our-
selves."

Madame de Beaupré, taking it for granted that
the non-appearance of her hostess was caused by
indisposition, retired to her own room immediately
after dinner, in order to leave M. Savoisy and Lina
more at liberty. Lina had let her know that she
was in what had formerly been Raymond's room,
and she amused herself this evening with examining
the contents of his old book-case. His boyish hand-

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writing on every blank leaf of his school-boo the school-boy doggerel on many a margi laughable portraits, no doubt, of professors were subjects of interest for her. As for any c secutive reading, that was beyond her at prese t; if she read, it was without knowing what she re d.

When at eight o'clock Lina brought her a Madame de Beaupré expected to be invited, as had been on the previous evening, to go do n evening prayers; but as no invitation of the kind was given, she took it for granted that her remaining in her room would be more convenient to the family. She therefore kissed Lina, and said she should go to bed early.

The night was stormy, thunder growled at a distance, and rain splashed against the windows of the room in which sat Monsieur and Madame Savoisy. They had at last settled on what they would write to Raymond. The letter was to be in Madame Savoisy's handwriting, but in the Pastor's name — a method adopted to show their entire agreement in the sentiments expressed. Madame Savoisy had just taken her seat at the writing-table, M. Savoisy had just begun to dictate, when they were startled by a pebble thrown up against one of the windows.

"Raymond! it is his signal!" exclaimed the mother, opening the sash, and calling out "Raymond!"

"Let me in, mother," was the quick reply.

The Pastor ran to unbolt the front door, and in

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another minute the young man was in his m
arms.

"You are dripping wet, my darling," she sa
the moment forgetful of all his real and sup
misdeeds. The sight of a beloved face is a
calmer of wrath.

"It is only my cloak that is wet," he said,
ing it aside.

Raymond was looking thin and ill—his ey
dull and sunken—altogether as different as p
from the picture of health he had presented
he had been to see them the year before.

The worn, anxious face had a subtle influe
the mother's heart; her spirit was very willin
her flesh began to wax weak.

"You are ill, Raymond!"

"I am perfectly well," he answered, impatie
"but I am worried and anxious. How is Mada
de Beaupré?"

"She is quite well," replied his father. "Cal
yourself, my son; take some refreshment, and the
we will discuss this business of yours."

"Thank you, sir, I am neither hungry nor thirsty.
I could not swallow a morsel," he added, seeing his
mother about to leave the room. "There can be
but little to say between us, and the sooner it is
said the better. I love Madame de Beaupré with
my whole being—heart, thoughts, soul and body
belong to her. I reverence as well as love her.
She is pure and good as she is lovely and talented.
She gives me love for love. She is ready to resign

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rank and fortune for me; ready to take her pl[illegible] e by my side as a citizen's wife; to share the fat[illegible] of a poor soldier. She has offended the world for m[illegible] ake. She is assailed by all the contumely that p[illegible] lice and malice can invent. It has come to this, [illegible] at in Magny le Sec it is said, and believed, that I—I, who adore the ground she treads on—draw back and will not marry her. In short, I have traveled night and day to implore her to return home as quickly as the railway can convey her, that her presence may put an end to at least one atrocious scandal. I have nothing more to say; spare me all arguments, and tell me, in the fewest words, your decision."

"Raymond, Raymond, why were you not wise in time; all this anguish and struggle would have been spared us had you watched over your heart, had you not allowed passion to overcome your reason."

"Mother, do you suppose I set about loving in cold blood? I loved before I knew it. Good God! to think that it is the mere difference of the form in which we worship God, that is used as a plea to make the life-long misery of two human beings! Tell me your decision at once!"

"A moment, Raymond," interposed his father. "It is, as you say, useless to argue with you just now. But I am not only a father. I am a minister of the Gospel, and, as such, accountable to my church for any dereliction from the principles I teach. In one word, we will not consent to your marriage with a Roman Catholic."

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"That, then, is your ultimatum; here
said Raymond. "My presence in the s
with Madame de Beaupré is impossible
some time she must remain there. I sh
at once to be exchanged into one of the r
under orders for Mexico."

"Raymond, do you wish to kill me?" c
mother, throwing herself on his neck.

"Mother," he said, "you have required
rifice of my earthly happiness; well, I mak
of obedience to you and my father; but I
large debt of gratitude to Madame de Beaup
only for her dear love's sake, but for the very
I hold—for my reinstatement in my former s
position. It was she who, hearing my story f
Christian Power, obtained my promotion before
had ever met. *She* did not stay to consider whethe
I was Protestant or Catholic. I owe much, very
much to her—something to myself. I will not ex-
pose her nor myself to the difficulties of a false po-
sition. It is for this reason, and not as a menace,
that I repeat, 'I go to Mexico.'"

"You shall not. I command you on your obedi-
ence as a son to obey me," said Madame Savoisy,
passionately.

"I am a man as well as a son," he replied; "I
have made the greater, you must make the lesser
sacrifice."

"There is no occasion for such extreme mea-
sures," said M. Savoisy. "We do not wish to
quarrel with you; you are of the age which gives

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you a right to make use of the law framed in view of occasions of disagreement between parents and children. Make your *Sommations respectueuses* that ends the difficulty."

"You are perfectly aware that I will never resort to such means. No. I abide by your decision. I will not even see Madame de Beaupré—I do not—I will write to her. All I beg of you is to persuade her to return to Magny at once. Poor man! she has paid dearly for her imprudent and fish love." He turned away, and took up his cap.

"You are not going away at this time of night, Raymond, and in this weather," exclaimed his mother.

"Indeed I am. I am your true son. I have inherited your tenacity of purpose. You keep to your determination; I to mine."

"Is that all the return you make to those who have given you life, who have watched over your infancy, your childhood. The fiercest passion cools; a wife can be replaced, but not a father or mother," said Madame Savoisy.

"Why should I be grateful for a life you render miserable," he asked, coldly.

"Child, child! how can the liveliness of our faith be shown except by the sacrifices we make for it?" asked the Pasteur; adding, "You almost tempt me to believe that you are tainted by the free thinking now so unhappily rife in the world. It would seem that you have come to think all religions equally good."

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"Father, I have been wandering about t
for more than seven years, and I have
that virtue is not the monopoly of one
Christians; that form of worship cannot
which produces good people. Madame d
pré worships the same God, believes in t
Saviour in whom I believe. That she sh
belief by sharing in ceremonies differen
ours, is not a valid reason with me for sep
us. You think differently—you are my f
and I renounce, in submission to you, all the
—all that renders life dear to me. I don't
what effect the renunciation may have on me
after. Be satisfied with the present sacrifice.'
"The present sacrifice will spare you much a
pain, Raymond. Believe in what I wrote y
there is nothing that so consolidates affection as
great conviction shared in common; there can b
no moral well-being in a family where there is not
union in religion."

"Farewell, my father! farewell, my mother."

"Raymond, if you go to Mexico, you will kill me," and Madame Savoisy fell into a chair with gasping sobs.

"Poor mother!" he said, bending down and kissing her forehead.

"You will not go!" she cried, seizing his arm and holding it in a convulsive grasp. "I cannot part with you, my darling; I cannot let you go to certain death."

"God bless you, Mother!"

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"Promise—promise! You must promise."

The latter part of this trying scene had had an unexpected spectator.

Lina, who slept in the room adjoining that in which this interview was taking place, had been awakened by the sound of voices in high debate. Sitting up in her bed, she had recognized her brother Raymond as one of the speakers. Her mother's bitter cry had frightened the girl. She got up, slipped on some of her clothes, and with an instinctive feeling of where effectual help was to be found, she burst into Madame de Beaupré's room, exclaiming,—

"Raymond is here, and they are all quarreling dreadfully. Do go to them; tell Raymond not to be unkind to poor Mamma. Oh! make haste, or he will go away; come, come!"

Madame de Beaupré, startled, scared, understanding of all that Lina had said only that Raymond was in the house, yielded to the girl's impetuous urging.

Neither father, mother, nor son, was aware that there had been a timid knock at the door, nor that it had been opened, until Thérèse came up to them. Raymond gazed in silence at the small pale creature as colorless as her white dressing-gown, more like a spirit than a living woman. He gazed in silence but for one minute, then he held out his arms to her. Slowly, as one whose limbs refuse their office, she went to him. He clasped her to his heart, held her in a tight embrace, as though

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nothing on this earth should take her
Words were murmured, so low that none
selves could catch their meaning; then T
ing her head from his breast, said simpl
"Raymond's church shall be my chur
he goes, I will go. By his side in this w
with him in eternity."

A great and solemn hush followed t
pected declaration; the hearts of all pre
too much moved for speech.

The first words spoken were from Pa
voisy, and they were,—

"Let us pray."

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CHAPTER XX.

A SCANDALOUS MARRIAGE.

THE prediction of the single philosopher of Magny le Sec was fulfilled. The whole town went in procession to visit Madame de Beaupré as soon as it was known that she had returned home. Those who had talked most against her were among the foremost.

After all, she was their only Vicomtesse. She herself announced to the Demoiselles de Tremerens her intended marriage with Sous-Lieutenant Savoisy. Worse and worse! Why could she not have been satisfied with her flirtation? Who wished to interfere with her or it? Calumny? gossip? care for her reputation?—nonsense—no one had ever believed a word against her.

L'Abbé Poulot was sent to argue with her. She was assured that she would find it difficult to obtain a dispensation. No priest in Magny le Sec would perform the ceremony in a church; the most she might expect would be, that the marriage mass should be said outside the church door.

"I should not care if it were said on the high road," was the quick retort. "I shall trouble no priest of Magny le Sec. I shall be satisfied with

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the civil marriage, and the religious cer
cording to the Protestant Church."

From this time it was said that Maden
Tremerens' head acquired a chronic vibrat
consulted all the superiors of the religious
the town, wrote seven pages to Monseign
form him of what was plotting. The "lad
wrote to all the duchesses, countesses, m
and viscounts belonging to the de Beaupr
Morville families, to implore them to
some means of preventing this double
apostacy and mesalliance. Was it not like
tack of mental alienation? Of course ther
be a *conseil de famille*. Would it not be w
threaten Madame de Beaupré with being dep
of the guardianship of her child?

The whole of the noble kindred of Madame
Beaupré unanimously blamed her. They wro
her letters which covered her cheeks with the ho
flush of indignation, but they failed signally in
any argument that persuaded the bride-elect that
she was about to commit a silly and unbecoming
act.

M. d'Esbryat's letter was the only one that gave
Madame de Beaupré any comfort. He told her
that he believed she was in the right to marry the
man for whom, in spite of the disparity of their
rank and fortune, she seemed to have a sincere at-
tachment. The only change he should propose in
her programme would be that M. Raymond Sa-
voisy should leave the army. M. d'Esbryat urged

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this point as one which would spare her many inconveniences and disagreeables.

"If M. Savoisy would consent to follow this advice," concluded M. d'Esbryat, "his wedding present should be the nomination to some collectorship, which would also assure him a position independent of his wife's fortune."

It would be difficult to describe the enthusiastic gratitude with which this letter inspired Madame de Beaupré. It was the taking away the one thorn from her marriage. She had had a dread of going about with a regiment; and it would, besides, give the greatest satisfaction to Monsieur and Madame Savoisy that Raymond should leave the army. His seven years' service had been completed just two months ago. He *must* accept M. d'Esbryat's offer; and of course he did so.

The excitement of Magny le Sec, which had subsided during the delay necessary for carrying out M. d'Esbryat's project, rose again to fever-pitch the day of the publication of the banns of marriage between Thérèse, Vicomtesse de Beaupré, Baronne de Souliat neé de Morville, and Raymond Savoisy, late sous-lieutenant of the 101st of the line, actually Payeur at X——, son of Pasteur Savoisy, of Castelnaudary.

In France the banns of marriage are not only announced from the pulpit, but appear in writing on the walls of the audience-room of the Mairie, and outside the parish church door.

"A proof that she is sufficiently ashamed of her-

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self," announced Mademoiselle de Treme
public, "is, that she is getting herself no
I don't hear even of a wedding-dress."
"And luckily she has lost all her beau
Mademoiselle Virginie.

Another subject that engaged public
was the marriage settlement. Before on
of it had been written, it was asserted a
bitable fact that she had settled two hun
sand francs on M. Savoisy.

"Horrible! it was bribery—downright
husband!"

As for the man himself, there were no w
contempt in the dictionary strong enough
case. All this while, be it understood, visitor
as numerous in Madame de Beaupré's sal
ever.

Raymond was absent at X——, making hims
acquainted with his new duties as Payeur. Thérès
had exacted this of him, in the certainty that his
patience would give way under the provocation of
all the gossip about her marriage which was to be
expected.

Not even Miss Power, who saw her at all hours,
could detect a trace of irritation or annoyance in
the Vicomtesse at any of the insidious advice or
hints with which she was assailed under the disguise
of friendliness.

When openly attacked with questions or demands
for explanations, she answered that if she supposed
her marriage was one of those actions which required

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explanation or excuse, she should neve
templated it.

At last the important day arrived for
bling of the *conseil de famille.* It was be
the nephew of the late Vicomte de Beau
nearest of kin to the child, would carry
of taking from Madame de Beaupré the
ship of little Bertha, and that he would
having the child removed from under he
roof. M. Savoisy being a Protestant, an
certainty that Madame de Beaupré wa
renounce, or had even already reno
Church of her fathers, were strong arg
such a step.

It was only at this moment that Chris
remarked any nervousness in Madame de
manner.

"If they succeed, Raymond will be so
on my account," she said to Christian.

One remarkable quality about happy
their blindness to all that relates to others.
never noticed that her governess, for w
really had an affection, had become thin
ness. She never noticed that she avoi
mond; that she never spoke of him; that sh
from giving a promise to remain with
married couple. Thérèse seemed to ta
granted that the marriage gave as much
tion to Miss Power as to herself, and was
trying to induce her to tell her of Ra
youth, coaxing her to praise him. It wa

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on her, on account of her marriage, should make her shed a tear. She would have considered tears a treason to Raymond; but she very nearly broke down when the Juge de Paix came and told her, with kindly feeling, that the guardianship of her child was confirmed to her. It was then that, with an overflowing heart, she gave him her full confidence as to the intended arrangements of her money. She had been anxious, in order to satisfy M. Savoisy's scruples, to give up two-thirds of her fortune at once to Bertha; but as that was difficult, if not impossible, to manage, she had decided that half of her income should be given yearly to public charities, without reference to religious persuasion. She begged the Juge de Paix to read over her marriage contract, that he might hereafter bear testimony to M. Savoisy's disinterestedness. It was when fulfilling this request that the Juge de Paix became acquainted that a provision had been made for Miss Power.

The notary, old in the world's ways, and whose misfortune it had been to see always the wrong side of human nature, said that he had witnessed a curious rivalry of disinterestedness between Raymond Savoisy and Madame de Beaupré, adding, "This is the first contract of a marriage from affection drawn up in my office during the forty years I have been a notary. I hope I may live to see how the experiment answers."

When it became known that M. le Vicomte d'Esbryat and the Marquis and Marquise de P——,

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and three if not four Comtesse
Paris to be present at Madam
ding, the hostile faction, hither
two. All the principal families
an invitation. Madame Dub
lead in the reaction, by declari
reports had been the effect of il
and class—a war of the lower
aristocracy, among whom she
implication. It was at this mor
asked the Juge de Paix if he
wedding-breakfast. He replied,-

"Why should I? I have ne
against Madame la Vicomtesse or

As it happened, no invitations t
town were given to the breakfast.
to be composed solely of the imme
of the bride and bridegroom's famil
was an exception—Monsieur and Ma
omme were there. Monsieur Frankom
forgotten his benefactress, and had ear
ged to be allowed to perform on the or
marriage ceremony.

The Protestant church was full to suffoc
witness what Mademoiselle de Tremerens
"A scandalous marriage."

The Pasteur Savoisy himself performed
marriage ceremony; and several persons, mistak
Madame Savoisy and Lina for the Comtesse an
Mademoiselle de Q——, pronounced them to b
surpassingly elegant and distinguished.

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There was a general wonder and a general abuse of the music played on the occasion by M. Frankomme—no doubt some Huguenot psalmody. It happened to be Handel's "Bridal Chorus."

A week after the departure of the young couple, they were forgotten, save by the Demoiselles de Tremerens, who had to seek for another tenant of their Rez de Chaussée.

"No more young widows need apply," was their warning cry. "They hoped Madame Savoisy would be happy; but they knew she would not. No woman could, who had so forgotten all that was due to her rank."

Miss Power is for the present at Castelnaudary with Pasteur and Madame Savoisy.

THE END.

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